

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE MORGUE, TWENTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK, NEAR THE EAST RIVER.



VISITORS' ROOM IN THE MORGUE, FROM WHICH THE BODIES OF DECEASED PERSONS ARE VIEWED.



THE MORGUE—ROOM IN WHICH THE BODIES ARE PLACED FOR RECOGNITION.—SEE PAGE 245.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 7, 1862.

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Woman's Dress.

Like diseases, there are some public discussions which at times become epidemic. The time for the reappearance of the sea-serpent question, or doubts as to which century the year 1800 belongs to, can be calculated with almost the precision of the orbit of a comet. It appears as if the puzzles of one generation were transmitted, like other hereditary characteristics, to the next, which again agitates the questions already solved, till, after many perplexities, they are again laid aside for another period of gestation. Among these periodical visitations may be reckoned that of the most proper attire for the fair sex. For some years past this matter has come before the public at times and in a manner equally surprising and amusing. It has popped up and been conducted for a time with all the zeal and acrimony of a religious conflict, not alone when there was a lack of excitement in public matters, but while the nation was deep in the earnest death-struggle for existence. Then it has faded away, only, however, to be revived, after a decent interval, in some new form or under some new aspect.

The apostles of this dress-reform, however, have had this singular advantage in conducting their quarrel with mankind: that, whereas other whimsical questions have been confined to the columns of the newspapers, they have been able to bring their cause before the courts of justice, plead their case fully, and obtain a decision, to a certain extent, in their favor. It happened in this wise: One day last week, Police Officer Pickett saw a crowd of people in front of a shop in Canal street. Instead of advising the crowd to "move on" and not obstruct the sidewalk, as it was his duty to do, he proceeded to examine into the cause of the collection of the crowd, and finding it arose from curiosity to see a lady in Bloomer costume, who was inside the shop, he arrested her, and conducted her to the station-house, as was not his duty to do.

After release from that hospitable spot, which did not, however, take place without some indignities of treatment, for which we think the officers ought to have been censured, a second arrest of the peculiarly dressed lady was made, in another part of the town, and it was for these unwarrantable arrests that complaint was made before the Police Commissioners. The fair complainant was Mrs. Dr. Mary E. Walker, well-known as a surgeon and nurse in the army, and the wearer of a medal testifying to her eminent services during the war. She pleaded her own cause, and, we must say, disproved the universal truth of the proverb which applies to those who are their own clients. We may as well here state that Mrs. Walker's application was successful, and the Commissioners ordered the policeman to refrain in future from molesting her, "because she was not a weak woman needing protection" (we should rather think not), which Mr. Acton seemed to have supposed was the reason for the policeman "taking care of her."

What we are most concerned here with, however, is the voluminous defense which Mrs. Dr. Mary E. Walker made on her own behalf. The report omits to say whether it was made under oath, but it appears probable that all that could be said on behalf of a Bloomer costume was there and then said by its advocate and, almost, martyr. Our readers are, no doubt, fully acquainted with the general peculiarities of this dress, and it is needless for us to give a description of the one worn by Mrs. Dr. Mary E. Walker on this memorable occasion, further than to say that though the trowsers were of the masculine, the coat or frock of the feminine, and the head-dress of the feminine gender, the general aspect of the dress was undoubtedly feminine, and the attempt to show that the case was one of a "woman dressing in man's clothes" was a total failure.

We frankly concede the decorations of the female head as absolutely beyond the control of man; as to the "coat or frock reaching a little below the knee," it might be wise to retain a neutral position; but when, together with the assumption of trowsers, a new code of ethics is introduced, we demur at once to the positions assumed by the fair wearers. As a mere harmless eccentricity, the dress might have been allowed to pass without remark; but when we are told that grave questions of modesty, decency and morality are depending upon its adoption, it may be worth while to examine the ground for so extraordinary a claim. As to the external aspect, we are told, "that long

dresses are inconvenient for walking in, as they collect dirt, etc.; that they are unfit to ascend Bunker Hill monument or the dome of the Capitol with;" and that the weight of the dress causes a drag on the body, prejudicial to health. It is quite true that good taste in dress is not universal, and that some of our fair friends will not adapt their dress to the occasion. There is certainly nothing in the fashions of the present day to compel any of the charming creatures to wear trailing dresses in the streets, or "going up and down dirty stairs." Judging from our own observation, we should think the tendency was rather in the opposite direction. Again, there are certain costumes which are properly adapted by modest women for particular occasions. To wear a ball-room full dress for a morning walk in the country, or to go to church at Newport in a riding-habit or bathing-dress, would be in singularly bad taste and very inconvenient to the wearers. If Mrs. Dr. Mary E. Walker has invented a dress in which, without shocking her notions of propriety, she can climb towers—always supposing some of those horrid men to be present—or descend a coal-mine, or ride on horseback, we may concede to her all the merit she deserves, while condemning the taste which leads her to display herself in such a dress in our crowded streets. As to the dreadful accidents which may befall our wives and daughters, if caught in a gale of wind, the active imagination of Mrs. Dr. Mary E. Walker leads her to confound an accidental exposure of an ankle with an act of wilful immorality; but as we have never heard of any virtue having been betrayed through the pranks of a gusty day, we shall continue to think that, as modesty and chastity are virtues dwelling in the mind, and not dependent upon dress, they will be found flourishing with sweet fragrance even when not attracting the vulgar and gaping curiosity of a crowd.

There is yet another merit claimed for this new dress, which may, in conclusion, be worthy the attention of our readers. It is a "protector of moral reputation"—whatever that may mean—and Mrs. Dr. Mary E. Walker assures the world, in her character of medical practitioner, "that many reputations would have been morally saved" if the assailed parties would only have stood in her shoes; and she gives one notable instance "where a lady, whose moral reputation was so assailed that she could scarcely sit up in bed, and who was saved by adopting the costume," and we suppose lived happy ever after. We scarcely like to call this pure cant, but it is something very like it. What is a "moral reputation" in a woman as distinguished from any other? We might have supposed that the gallant doctress meant to hint that her costume was the only one to defy felonious assaults on the person, but in that case we are staggered by the strange refuge which her patient took, till, we presume, an armor of proof could be welded for her. But if Mrs. Dr. Mary E. Walker means to assert that female virtue and honor are only safe in proportion to the length or impenetrability of the dress, all history—all experience—is against her; and if she does not mean that, what does she mean? According to this doctrine, our grandmothers, whose pride was to show a handsomely clocked stocking, must have been grossly immoral, and Turkish women, who are so bundled up that only their eyes can be seen by strangers, must be the most moral of their sex.

"After all," as a recent writer has well observed, "propriety of dress is only valuable because it is the offspring of propriety of mind," and this incessant gabbling about the danger of exposing the ankles is an indication rather of an excited and vivid imagination than of that purity of mind without which the fairest of her sex is but as "empty brass and a tinkling cymbal."

The Height of Impudence!

We have had rare occasions for commanding the discrimination or wisdom of the Austrian adventurer, and his wet-nurse, Marshal Bazaine, in Mexico. But they showed both sense and discrimination in contemptuously expelling that political harlequin, Gen. Santa Ana, when, a year or two ago, he presented himself in Vera Cruz, with the most cringing and obsequious protestations of devotion to Maximilian personally, his empire, his principles, and, in short, all that was his. Everything by turns and nothing long, attaching himself to parties only to betray them, professing principles one day only to deny and flout them the next. Gen. Santa Ana has become the very type and embodiment of all that is false in public conduct and all that is hateful in public character.

Maximilian did well to turn this harlot of politics, without ceremony, from the shores of his ephemeral empire. He probably had heard how the dissembler betrayed the Government of the United States, which, in a moment of weakness, and without a full appreciation of his character, during the late war with Mexico, permitted him to return to that country, under the assurance that he would dedicate himself

to the task of effecting a peace! Instead of which, he appeared at the head of a superior force before Gen. Taylor, at Buena Vista, where he was ignominiously beaten. Yet, we believe that Gen. Santa Ana was in earnest when he prostrated himself at the feet of Maximilian, and avowed that the aim of his life and the height of his ambition was the establishment of a monarchy in Mexico, with a prince of one of the royal houses of Europe on the throne. In the whole of his public career, tortuous, contradictory and crowded with political tergiversation and chicanery, there is only one consistent purpose—we cannot dignify it as a principle—apparent: and that is the establishment of a monarchy in Mexico.

Of Republicanism, Santa Ana never had the slightest infusion or remotest conception. The pomp and glitter of courts, and ambition of irresponsible power, absorbed his soul, and even when the so-called head of the republic, his administration, in all its circumstances, was only a servile copy of that of the Viceroys.

There is something exceptionally consistent in the fact that in 1854 he sought to unite all the Spanish American States, under the protection (heaven forefend!) of Spain, and ultimately organize a great Latin empire in America, as a counterpoise to Republicanism and the Anglo Saxons. Napoleon only echoed Santa Ana in his clap-trap expression of "Latin race." How this man labored and intrigued to effect his unholy and, as we may add, absurd purpose, few know outside the circle intimate with American politics. He failed then in his plans of monarchy, as he will fail now in his hypocritical attempts to gain power in Mexico by professing to be what a whole life has shown him not to be—that is to say, if we may deduce any settled purpose from the history of a life so erratic, and marked by so conspicuous a disregard of political integrity and true statesmanship.

The recent manifesto of Gen. Santa Ana against Maximilian is only the inspiration of pique, and an impotent attempt at revenge. His affection of attachment to liberal principles is the very height of impudence!

The Science of Pictorial Journalism.

We very seldom, as our readers well know, dwell upon our exertions to produce the best illustrated periodicals in the country, but the article we republish from the New York *Evening Post* has an interest apart from the fact of its relating to our establishment. We give it as showing the enormous labor, perseverance, enterprise, tact and capital required to conceive and carry on a first-class Illustrated Newspaper, without any reference to the numerous other serials which emanate from our office. It is evident this is the view taken of it by many of our contemporaries, who have republished the article in question, accompanying it with commendatory remarks, expressing surprise that no fewer than eleven illustrated publications should be issued from one establishment.

HOW SHALL WE SPEND OUR LEISURE HOURS?

The old saw with which our spelling-books made us familiar, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," contained a great deal of sound philosophy, and presented a problem society has never solved to its entire satisfaction. The necessity of healthful and agreeable recreation, especially to those who, during business hours, are closely confined in the counting-rooms and workshops of our large cities, is universally admitted; but a question has arisen as to what kinds of diversion we may allow without injury to character and morality.

The out-door sports, such as boating, ball-playing, etc., so popular and beneficial, do not meet all the requirements of the case, because there are vast numbers to whom they are not accessible, and who, from various circumstances, are precluded from engaging in them. Let us instance a single example, the type of multitudes, and closely examine some of the conditions of the question:

A young man has completed the labors of the day, and looks about for some rational manner of passing the hours before it is time to retire to rest. Libraries are open to him, books are readily obtained, but he is neither mentally nor physically in a condition to enjoy or be profited by reading; he needs relaxation, and relaxation and companionship he must and will have. It is a craving of his nature, and he would not be true to his best instincts if he repressed it. If he has refined tastes and sensitive feelings, he may be at a loss which way to turn. Attractions of some character, it is true, will meet him on every side; the gilded saloon will offer him a welcome, and vicious haunts of every grade will throw their temptations in his way; but, as yet, he has no relish for such indulgences, and hastens from them in disgust. In the billiard-room or bowling-alley he might find what he seeks; but he cannot enter these without compromising himself in the estimation of many good people, whose opinion he is unwilling to slight—not that playing billiards or temps is in itself reprehensible, but a certain portion of society places a ban upon it, and denounces it as vicious.

While we respect the motives of such persons, we believe they are mistaken. Men become vicious from two causes, viz., the natural tendency of the passions to transgress propriety, and the allurements vice holds out to indulgence. What is needed, therefore, is a healthful, proper sentiment toward things in themselves harmless, the removal of all gross and objectionable features from those sports and games; and amusements that might pleasantly and profitably occupy the leisure hours, that now are either spent listlessly or injuriously. The man who will inaugurate a movement in this direction will prove one of the first of our public benefactors,

and do more to elevate the tone of morality and improve the physical condition of our citizens than any agency now in existence.

Some of our prominent clergymen, who dare look things in the face, and who are willing to grapple with our social difficulties as they find them, well knowing that any valuable and permanent reform must begin at the bottom of the system, and not on its surface, have freely recommended what is sometimes termed "Muscular Christianity," or the full development of all our bodily capacities, as the best and most fitting preparation for any moral and spiritual reformation. They would drive a fine and fast horse, take a turn at the cue, bat a ball, etc., enjoy the exhilaration of the exercise most highly, and then go before their people and preach all the better for having been brought in close accord with their fellow-men.

We would combine the amusements of which we speak with instruction; would have reading and lecture-rooms connected with our places of recreation; would render them as comfortable and attractive as possible. The children of evil are wiser in their generation than the children of light. Our bar-rooms and like places are fitted out most attractively, that the stranger may feel at home in them, and there is no reason why other resorts may not be established, where the attractions would be equal and the danger less.

We must fight vice with some of its own weapons, and recognizing the great cravings of our being, must gratify them temporarily or they will gratify themselves illicitly. That straight-laced feeling that would frown upon our recreations, because they are sometimes perverted, mistakes entirely the whole theory and nature of reform. We cannot elevate the degraded state of our society by preaching to them, but by showing them a better way than their own, and aiding them in following it; and we cannot save our young men from ruin by simply denouncing evil, but by furnishing them with such diversions as will effectually overcome the desire of wrong-doing. What is right in itself, we must render expedient in general estimation, and enlist on the side of virtue and manliness all three appliances that now give to evil so much power.

It may be that, in doing so, we shall be compelled to modify and change some of our present notions, and entertain wider and more liberal views, but it would be far better to sacrifice our dogmas and creeds than, by retaining them, ruin our friends.

A WASHINGTON correspondent, signing himself "Clinton Harwood," is aggrieved on account of our republication of certain observations on "The Situation," attributed to Gen. Grant, and not disclaimed by him. The opinions of so important a personage as Gen. Grant, are certainly of great interest to his countrymen and the world; and nothing can be more certain than that any criticism of Gen. Grant on the conduct and attitude of Gen. Lee, must be free from anything like personal animosity or jealousy. Our correspondent will find few, besides himself, to regard the cold-blooded and negative Lee, as "the eminent rival and superior of Grant." We suppose anybody may assume to be anybody's rival, but the matter of superiority is quite another question.

WHAT is a bale of cotton? is frequently asked, and the answer is not a simple one. Bales of cotton vary in their weight considerably, and the estimate in pounds depends on the source whence it comes. Thus (says the *Society of Arts Journal*) the average weight of the Egyptian bales, the largest of a, is 423 lbs.; American, 423 lbs.; Surat, 390 lbs.; Smyrna, 350 lbs.; Madras, 300 lbs.; Bengal, 300 lbs.; China, 240 lbs.; West Indian, 180 lbs.; Brazilian, 160 lbs. Now, the variable amount of a bale of cotton has often led to very erroneous estimates with regard to supply and stocks, and it is much to be regretted that some permanent decision on the matter should not, long before this, have been arrived at by those nations, the extent of whose commerce gives them, or ought to give them, a legitimate and preponderating influence in settling trade customs.

THE coal-fields of the countries possessing coal will be recognized if we compare them by some simple unit of measure. Let this be 100 square miles. In this case, Russia will be represented by 1; Spain, 2; anthracite fields of Pennsylvania, 4; Westphalia and Bohemia, 4; Belgium, 5; France, 10; Rhenish Prussia, 10; British Provinces of North America, 17; British Islands, 40; Europe, 75; Pennsylvania, 126; Appalachian coal-field, 555: the entire coal-fields of the United States, 2,200. Whichever way the foregoing figures are taken, they clearly represent the enormous coal-producing power of North America.

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS's medical attendant has published an account of the State prisoner's "Prison Life," in which he gives us reports of many of the sayings of that personage. He reports that, alluding to some of the Southern leaders who had fled to Mexico, Mr. Davis said their flight was "an act of cowardice—an evasion of duty only to be excelled by suicide. They had been instrumental in bringing the evils of military subjugation on the people, and should remain to share their burdens." * * * The scheme of a political settlement in Mexico was preposterous in practice. * * * No settlers could be imagined less fitted for the requirements of a new colony than body of embittered politicians, still sore and smarting from a conflict in which they had incurred defeat.

GRAPES IN CALIFORNIA.—A correspondent of the *Tribune* tells us that within a few years the vineyards of California will yield a greater value than her mines. The latter give about \$50,000,000 annually. This prediction is to the effect that the grapes will rise to \$150,000,000 in annual value. This writer gives an account of a vine growing near Santa Barbara, planted twenty-four years ago by Gen. Vallejo:

"It measures over three feet in diameter, and it has been trained over an immense arbor so as to give full expansion to its vigorous growth. In some favorable seasons, incredible as it may seem, it has been known to bear over 15,000 lbs of grapes, and its yield is always large enough to give comfortable subsistence to the family in whose possession it has remained for a number of years."

THURS is an impression abroad that the graduates of West Point, in the army of 1860, from the

Southern States, went almost solidly for the rebellion. This is an error. The total number of graduates in service on the breaking out of the war was 220. Of these, 435 were from the North and 235 from the South. Of the latter, 197 resigned to join the rebellion, and 138 remained faithful to their flag.

A CORRESPONDENT suggests the following programme of music for Barnum's next dog show:

Overture..... "The Dog(s) of Venice."
Barcarolle..... "The Land! The New-found Land."
Waltz..... "Quel chien de mètier."
Song..... "Poor Dog Tray."
Scenes..... "The One true tolls."
Quadrille..... "Jolly Dogs."
Song..... "Oh! I am not I a Cur!"
Duet..... "Our Native Skye."
Symphony..... "The Strange Bark."

BARON LIEBIG, in his "Familiar Letters on Chemistry," says of wine:

"As a restorative," says he, "or means of refreshment when the powers of life are exhausted—of giving animation and energy where man has to struggle with days of sorrow—as a means of correction and compensation when misproportion arises in nutrition and the organism is deranged in its operations, and as a means of protection against transient organic disturbances, wine is surpassed by no product of nature or art."

TOWN GOSSIP.

THE "dog-days" have come—not the period of burning skies and sweltering heat, but the annual time when every ragged urchin and merciless biped may make a raid upon the unprotected canines, and, in accordance with the due forms of law, consign them to the hands of the executioner. This St. Bartholomew's massacre of the curs is one of the institutions of the metropolis; and for the next ninety days every unlucky Blanche, Tray, or Sweetheart must restrain its promenades to very narrow limits, or be hurried remorselessly to the pound, whence it will not be likely to return. If the hopes of the poet's "poor Indian" could be realized, and some of these faithful dogs could enter the expected hunting-ground, we might rejoice at that fate. Whether or not the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals will interpose their good offices remains to be seen.

Professor Lowe presents a good opportunity of viewing mundane scenes from the regions of the clouds, in the arrangements he has made for balloon ascensions during the season. Under the Professor's skillful guidance, one can enjoy all the novelty and grandeur of an aerial voyage without the apprehension of coming down to terra firma more informally than he would choose; and if the coroners expect to be called upon in connection with these entertainments, their expectations are not likely to be realized.

The week has afforded more than the ordinary variety of sports and diversions. On Tuesday the grand annual review of the squadron of the New York Yacht Club took place, and was a very elegant affair, resulting in the entire satisfaction of all concerned. Unfortunately, Neptune was in one of his sulky moods, and seemed inclined to resent the trespass upon his domain, somewhat to the discomfiture of the ladies who desired to witness the ceremony. But good sailors care little for stiff breezes and a rough sea, and despite wind and waves, the review came off finely, while good music and a fine entertainment rendered the festivities of the day in the highest degree pleasurable.

The Hoboken races attracted a large share of attention during the four days of their continuance, and afforded fine sport. The favorite horses were not always the winners, and good points were developed in animals not suspected of possessing great merit.

A most recherche and enjoyable affair was the annual picnic of the Caledonian Club, which was held on Friday. These Caledonians know how to enjoy themselves immensely and impart pleasure to their friends and guests, and on this occasion came up fully to their previous reputation of good fellows. Of the good things said and the agreeable things done; of the genial, hospitable spirit that actuated every member of this club; of the festivities that graced the day, only those present and participating can form any adequate conception; suffice it to say, the picnic was intended to afford rational enjoyment, and in every sense it was a success.

And thus our summer days glide cheerily, leaving pleasant memories in their course, bringing with the burdens they impose the light and happy hours that break up the monotony of life and redeem it from the bondage of constant anxiety and labor. And besides, these diversions are accessible to all who have the time and inclination to witness them, thus maintaining the grand democratic feature of American society and institutions, that makes the people both the source and the object of all effort, in whatever direction it may be put forth.

We are reminded by the constant cries under our windows that the season of berries and early fruits has come. What lungs these vendors have! If our public speakers only possessed such powers of articulation (barring the yelling, screaming, hissing and jactating, in high keys and low keys, and all other keys that measure the compass of the human voice), as these itinerant and pestiferous peddlers, bronchitis would be unknown, and doctors might emigrate. And yet a cheery race are these same street-cries, plodding along patiently from early morn to dewy eve (there is not much dew in New York, except the due to landlords and other impudent co-morants), trading off their wares, performing little mechanical job, yet ever tramp, tramping, except when a customer arrests their course. It would be interesting to trace out the history of these people—to learn how they live, and what misfortune has consigned them to such an humble sphere; but, then, the recollection of many sweet morning slumbers, rudely and summarily broken up by their horrid din and untimely yell, provokes anything but regard, and we would as soon come in contact with a horde of Garamanche savages as these shiftless barbarians.

The charms of country life and country resorts have not as yet drawn away many of the fair promenaders of our streets, which are still thronged with youth, beauty and fashion—if the persistent attempts to disfigure fair forms can be called fashion. The prevailing style of head-dress, especially, seems just suited to turn beauty into ugliness, and render plainness hideous. Why our ladies will so metamorphose themselves as to be unrecognizable to their nearest friends is past all masculine comprehension; and why we cannot originate an American style, suited to our climate and habits, without tying ourselves down to every imported monstrosity foisted upon us by those who have neither character nor sense, we cannot understand. It is to be hoped that the present season will be the last of those ridiculous absurdities that give to a lady some resemblance to the fabled guardian of Tartarus, where, by the way, we would confine them—the waterfalls, not the ladies.

Mr. Gustavus Geary and his accomplished daughter, Mina, have returned to this city, after a very successful tour through the principal Southern cities, lasting over five months. They will spend the summer at home, and resume their popular ballad concert early in the fall, exciting their wails throughout the southern States.

The weather is beginning to tell upon the theatres. Drougham is playing to good houses at the Winter

Garden, the very name of which is part of the attraction this warm weather.

Wallack's always has a fashionable and good attendance, it being as pleasant as a drawing-room, with the additional charm of dramatic sensation.

The great excitement of the week, however, is the Buiay Brothers, whose performances exceed anything we have seen for years. They are performing at the New Bowery, where they are drawing—miserable die-fashionsable audiences. Some of their acrobatic feats are really terrific. We confess that we do not like this style of performance; it is pandering to a morbid taste, and strengthening a craving for horrors, which in time will be satisfied with nothing less than murder. It is akin to the depravity of putting vitriol and camphene into your cognac to render it more piquant. Nevertheless, so far as the Buiay Brothers are concerned, their feats on the trapeze are thrillingly horrible, and show to what an appalling extent skillful and daring men will sport with their own life and limb.

BOOK NOTICES.

We have received from Messrs. Ticknor & Fields the July Nos. of the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Our Young Folks*, both of which, as usual, are filled with a variety of substantial and entertaining matter. As everybody reads these publications, it is quite unnecessary for us to call special attention to their contents. Some of the engravings in *Our Young Folks* are particularly excellent, while the articles will, of course, please young folks. When we state that Bayard Taylor, H. W. Longfellow, Wm. C. Bryant, Alice Cary, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Stone, and other writers of note, are contributors to this number of the *Atlantic*, we give every assurance that it is interesting, and fully maintains its previous reputation.

FRANK LESLIE'S CHILDREN'S FRIEND for July is out, profusely illustrated, and full of most interesting matter for children, as distinguished from "Young Folks."

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—In excavating the lot in rear of No. 19 Carmine street, a few days ago, the workmen came upon two skeletons, placed only a little under the surface. One of the skeletons; that was first discovered, lay with its head toward the North, upon its face, and left arm extended at full length. When found, it was but seventeen inches below the surface of the ground, and a very suspicious circumstance was noted. The body had been plentifully sprinkled with lime, in order to increase the rapidity with which the flesh would decay. This *curiosity* was that of a very tall, strong person, as shown by the fore-arm bone, which is considerably above the usual measurement. About six years ago, the gentleman who occupied the premises, No. 19 Carmine street, as they then were, caused an asparagus tree to be set out upon the spot where the skeleton was found, and it is now quite a tall, strong tree. Its roots are inextricably interlaced in the ribs of the skeleton, so that the former cannot be removed without uprooting the latter. Whether this tree was intended as a protection against discovery or not, cannot now be determined; but at any rate it is a very singular circumstance that the tree should have been set out upon that exact spot, and at a time when, it is stated, that, one dark night, three distinct cries of murder were heard by persons living in the vicinity. The other skeleton, buried near by, is that of a male, but not so large as the one under the asparagus. The skull is now above ground, and exhibits within a network of veins and nerves which have not been eaten out even by the lime with which this body was also profusely covered at the time of its interment. This body was only twelve inches below the surface, and lies partly underneath a path along which persons have walked daily for years. The frame house on the rear of the lot was first built, and the space between it and Carmine street used as a garden. It was occupied for more than thirty-three years by a Mr. and Mrs. Williams, the former a shoemaker, who died about nine years since. His widow continued the business until April last, when she vacated the premises because a lease had been given to a merchant doing business at the corner of Carmine and Bleeker streets, one door off. Of course there is no little speculation going on in regard to this mysterious interment and unexpected discovery. It is well known that no graveyard was ever located in the vicinity, and beyond the present buildings, only an old stage barn for horses was ever known to be upon this lot. The skeletons have no sign of having been injured in life, and as the location is in the heart of the city, it is hardly reasonable to suppose that murderers would have assumed the risk of carrying them there for hasty interment.

Several meteoric stones fell at Nashville, recently, near the railroad depot. They were of a bluish color, and were quite hot when first discovered. Geologists say that nothing similar has been found in any part of the world. Two specimens have been forwarded East for further examination.

Senator Sherman wants to establish a "Reportery" in Germany to spread "light and knowledge" about America. There are salaries attached—a Superintendent at \$2,500; an Assistant at \$2,000; Janitor at \$1,000; and there is room for other loyal patriots.

One of the Methodist ministers at the Boston Convention held lately, stated that his salary for the first year's preaching consisted of a new hat and a bushel of apples. Since then he has been more fortunate, having received about twenty-five dollars annually.

At a baby convention in Massachusetts fifteen mothers were present, and, on a vote for the prettiest, each got one vote.

Albany promises to become quite a literary city; its excellent State library, its famous Female Academy and Palmer's Studio are among its more refined attractions; but, in addition thereto, and a circle of memorable old families, Albany is the residence of three gifted men of letters—Alfred B. Street, our Flemish poet of Nature; General John M. Read, a devoted historical student, and author of the new and interesting "Life of Henry Hudson"; and John Godfrey Saxe, whose humorous poems are so much relished in the lecture-room, by the fireside and under the trees.

One of the Fenians captured by the United States steamer Michigan has been recognized as a noted desperado, known as "Stonehouse Jack," and the Governor of Pennsylvania has claimed him on a requisition, charging him with murder and robbery at Pitcairn, on the 3d of May last.

The disaster which occurred on the Norwich railroad, recently, was occasioned by one car being blown from one track to another by a heavy wind, causing a collision with it by a freight train. A fireman was killed and another employee of the road badly scalded.

The Jacinto Patriot says that one hundred acres of good land, lying within three miles of Corinth, Miss., were sold a few days since at auction, being a trustee's sale, for thirty-five cents per acre.

The cemetery at Andersonville—the charnel-house of the South—is the largest in the country; it contains 12,972 graves.

The Chapel Hill (N. C.) University celebrated its sixty-ninth Commencement a few days since. Ex-Gov. Vance was present, and addressed the literary societies. The degree of D.D. was conferred on Rev. N. F. Reid, of the North Carolina Conference of the Methodist Church. The degree of LL.D. was conferred on Judge Reade, of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and on Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.

David Adams and his son, a lad of eighteen, were indicted for assault and battery at the recent term of the Court of Common Pleas of Wood county, Ohio. After the finding, Adams and the boy returned home, went to the neighboring woods, and a neighbor, accidentally passing, saw them suspended to a tree, cut the bodies down, and, after much effort, brought the boy to life. The father was dead. The arrest and indictment had so preyed on their minds that they resolved upon suicide.

It is understood that the Canadian Government will shortly make a demand on our own for the extradition of Gen. Sweeney, Spear and other Fenian officers. Canadian spies are reported to be busily engaged collecting information against Americans who aided the Fenians in getting stores, etc., across the border.

A contract has been entered into by parties in Savannah with the United States Government to raise the old Confederate steamer Nashville, sunk in the Ogeechee River in 1862, after being fired into lying opposite the Middleton plantation, with 730 bales of cotton on board. The sunken steamer Water Witch, captured from the Federal navy on Vernon River, and subsequently scuttled, is under contract to be raised by the same firm.

The Boston public library contains 123,000 volumes. Its largest contributors are Joshua Bates, of London, who gave \$100,000 worth of books, and Thomas Baker, who left 11,000 books and 2,000 pamphlets. In 1865 nearly 105,000 books were lent, or an average of 150 per day. The greatest number given out in a single day was 1,464. The Superintendent reports a continuing improving character in the circulation, and that it is tending strongly to the more substantial and useful class of books.

The guerrilla Harper and his gang have resumed operations on a bold scale in Kentucky. On the 15th inst. a detachment of Federal troops left Franklin for Bowling Green, for the purpose of conveying to the latter place Capt. May and two other guerrillas. While on the way they were attacked by the guerrilla leader and forty men, who succeeded in summarily releasing three guerrilla prisoners. It is also stated that the rebels sacked part of the town of Bowling Green, broke open the jail and let loose all the prisoners.

A dispatch from Little Rock, Arkansas, states that it is believed that John H. Surratt, one of the Lincoln assassins, is now in that city, or has been there very recently. Detectives are endeavoring to ferret him out.

The Legislature of Massachusetts has passed a law giving the officers the right to arrest all idle persons who, not having visible means of support, live without lawful employment; all persons wandering abroad and visiting grog-shops or houses of ill-repute, or lodging in groceries, out-houses, market-places, sheds, barns, or in the open air, and not giving a good account of themselves; all beggars or others receiving alms. Any person known to be a pickpocket, thief, burglar, either by his own confession or otherwise, if not engaged in some lawful employment, is declared a vagrant, and arrested accordingly.

Foreign.—The Fenian movement appears to have had some effect in obtaining a concession, if not justice, from the British Ministry. They have introduced a bill for the relief of the Irish peasantry, the terms of which show what has been the oppressive rule across the Channel. Formerly a landlord could summarily dismiss a tenant without remunerating him for the improvements which the poor fellow might have been making for thirty years. The new bill provides that the tenant may have a lien on the estate for the value of the improvement. Evictions from land are absolutely forbidden. No landlord shall make any distresses for rent, unless the tenant in a written lease concedes that right to him. The necessity for such legislation as this reflects no credit on the conduct of the English in the past. But it is to obtain in the future, more will be done to quiet the malcontent Celts than any number of bayonets or any amount of hanging or imprisonment.

Englishmen in Canada patriotically avoid placing green spectacles on their noses lest it be construed into hoisting "the green above the red."

It is said that Victor Hugo lost \$75,000 by the financial panic in London. That ought not to make so rich a man as Hugo one of the "Miserables."

Magroder—once an ornament of frivolous watering-place society, and late a rebel General—has been removed from office in Mexico, and General Bee appeals to the Texans for aid to support his family.

An order has been received in England for twenty thousand red shirts for Garibaldi's army.

A fatal duel was recently fought in the environs of Paris between two officers of the garrison. One of them was killed on the spot; the other had his breast pierced, it is believed, mortally. The doctor's horse, as he was leaving the field, took fright, threw him against a tree, and killed him on the spot.

Borings for copper near Frankenhausen, in Central Germany, disclosed the presence of the largest and most beautiful caverns in all Germany. Two are 900 ft. and 600 ft. by 130 ft., and 40 ft. to 50 ft. high. The three caverns have nine ponds of water, and several bones were found in them.

The eagles which surmount the colors of the French army, formerly made of copper, gilt by galvanization, are now made of aluminum, thus lightening the weight of the flag by nearly 3½ pounds.

Disappointment at having two pictures refused by the jury of the Paris Salon has led an artist named Jules Holzapfel to commit suicide. He wrote to his brother: "The members of the jury do not know me; I have neither friends nor enemies amongst them. So I've no talent, and when a man hasn't talent at forty, it is time to die."

The London Spectator notices the formation of a company called the "Cash Payment Association," intended to take advantage of the difference between the cash and credit prices. Every person who pays ten shillings a year to the association receives a list of shops at which, for ready money, he may obtain goods from seven to twenty-five per cent. cheaper than he otherwise would. The tradesmen give this pledge to the association, being themselves repaid by the additional customers sent them.

The Berlin newspapers have the following curious paragraph: "A Hungarian girl, born at Odessa, without hands, now twenty years of age, has been giving some curious representations in the Prussian capital. She performs with her mouth the functions of hands. She sews, embroiders, executes the most delicate work with pearls, even threads her needles and makes knots, all with the tongue, apparently without difficulty, and certainly without the assistance of any one. Part of the works thus executed are destined for public exhibition." Most people will hesitate to believe such marvels until they witness them.

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There is an ardent, longing desire in the new Italian kingdom to obtain possession of the Austrian province of Venetia, and this desire is shared by equally sovereign statesmen, and peoples. So strong is this longing for the coveted province that, as we have seen, Italy would willingly engage in, or, perhaps, even provoke a war that might seem likely to secure its object. Why should there be this wish and determination to secure it at any cost? Why does Italy covet Venetia?

There are two principle reasons in which the answer may be found. The first is derived from the geographical position, and the second from the past history of the Venetian provinces. We will endeavor to explain both as briefly as possible:

As to the geographical position, let our reader glance at any map of Italy, and this will almost explain itself. The whole peninsula of Italy has been compared to a boot, which it will be found to very much resemble on the map. At one time the kingdom of Piedmont had very little to

do with this boot—it was only, as it were, looking in at the toe. But since the war of 1859, it has, to continue the figure, thrust its foot down; it is now in possession of almost the entire boot, and the little sovereignty of Piedmont has become the important kingdom of Italy.

If our reader will again look at the map, he will see that the top of the Italian boot is still divided. Only a portion of the territory belongs to King Victor Emmanuel; the other portion consists of the provinces of Venetia, still in possession of Austria. The cession of this provinces would complete the natural geographical boundaries of the Italian kingdom; it would leave Italy in command of the country from sea to sea—from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic. It would, besides, remove a source of danger from Italy as a state; for Austria, pressing upon its side through Venetia, is in a more favorable position for attack, than if compelled to leave the Italian plains and withdraw behind the mountains.

Probably our readers will think there is good reason, in this alone for the desire to possess Venetia; but there remains the additional incentive of past associations. Venice is Italian by historical as well as geographical connection; its people are Italian, and their sympathies are with the young kingdom rather than with the old empire to which they are forced to belong. Their connection with Austria is a thing of recent date and arbitrary in its origin. We need not here revert to the ancient and glorious history of the Venetian republic—to its long line of 122 Doges, extending from A.D. 697 to 1797. But in the latter year Venice fell at the feet of Napoleon, and was afterward joined by him to his kingdom of Italy. On the breaking-up of Napoleon's power, the State which met together to rearrange the map of Europe and to divide the spoil among them allotted Lombardy and Venetia to the adjacent empire of Austria, as a portion of its share.

The war of 1859 wrested Lombardy from the German empire, but it was left in possession of Venetia, although the people had again and again endeavored to throw off the yoke. The struggle they maintained against Austria in 1848 and 1849 will be long remembered. In March of the former year the insurrection began; the Austrians were overpowered, and a Venetian Republic was once more constituted, under the presidency of Daniel Manin. Venice was at length besieged by the Austrian troops, but for four months its brave people and their leader kept the Emperor's army at bay. They were finally compelled to capitulate in August, 1849.

We have said sufficient to show that the sympathies of the Italian people must, naturally, be with their brethren in Venetia. But Austria has always shown a determination to retain its hold. Venetia is a



THE LATE HON. MOSES F. ODELL, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.—PHOT. BY WILLIAMSON, BROOKLYN.

MOSSES F. ODELL.

THE harvest of death gathered from our prominent public men has of late been unusually abundant. Of the number who have gone, few were more esteemed than the subject of this sketch.

Moses F. Odell was born in Tarrytown, N. Y., in 1818, but his family soon afterward removing to this city, he received his education here.

Early in life he received an appointment in the Custom House, where he soon proved himself a peculiarly valuable public servant, and for merit was promoted step by step, until he was made Assistant Collector, which post he held during the administration of President Polk. Being a Democrat, when the Taylor administration came in, Mr. Odell was removed from his post and put to another desk. He was, however, shortly replaced, notwithstanding his politics, the Collector finding him indispensable. He continued to hold his place under Collectors Bronson and Redfield, until he resigned under the latter. During this long tenure of a responsible, laborious, and often irksome office, he gained and retained the esteem of the merchants of this city, and achieved a reputation for clear-headedness and the ability to transact a great amount of business in a manner satisfactory to all with whom he came in contact, and which has made him a great favorite with the business community of New York. Under the administration of Mr. Buchanan he held the post of Public Appraiser in this city.

When the war broke out Mr. Odell warmly supported the policy of the Government. When others of his own party scouted the idea that the war could be prosecuted to a successful termination, he stood firm. He never wavered. He never had a doubt as to the result. When others faltered, he looked forward with a hopeful

mind, and the end has proved that his judgment was correct. In 1862, he was renominated for Congress in the Third District, and triumphantly elected.

While in Washington, a warm personal attachment existed between Mr. Odell and President Lincoln. No visitor at the White House was more welcome than Mr. Odell. He sought no political preferment at Mr. Lincoln's hands. When Mr. Johnson succeeded to the office of President, Mr. Odell was appointed Naval Officer of the port of New York, which position he held up to the time of his death.

In his social intercourse, Mr. Odell was known as a Christian gentleman, who took a lively interest in all benevolent enterprises. He was especially partial to Sunday Schools, and while actively engaged with public duties, both here and at Washington, found time to take part in their exercises.

At the late annual Sunday School parade, the dying man had himself carried to the window, so that he might look for the last time upon the little friends in whose welfare he always found time to interest himself.

He had been prostrated with illness for some months, his disease being cancer in the throat, which gradually ate his life away, and on the 12th ult. he breathed his last.

HON. JAMES HUMPHREY.

We give this week the portrait of another prominent man who has fallen a prey to the great destroyer in the full vigor of his days. The Hon. James Humphrey died at his residence in Brooklyn on the 15th ult., after a very brief illness, respected by the community in which he resided, and lamented by all who had made his acquaintance. Mr. Humphrey, who

was fifty-four years of age, was born in Fairfield, Conn., and was the son of the late Heman Humphrey, D. D., President of Amherst College, where Mr. James Humphrey graduated with honor and distinction. He removed to Brooklyn in 1839, and became a prominent member of the bar. He was for some time associated with the firm of Butler & Barney of New York, and about the same time he took up his residence in the Fourth Ward of the City of Brooklyn. In 1845 he was elected Alderman of the ward; was reelected in 1849. In 1850 and 1851 he served as Corporation Counsel. In 1856 he was urged to accept the nomination for Congress, and was at that time regarded as the leading man of the party. He accepted the nomination, and was elected by a plurality vote. In 1860 he was renominated, but the district being largely Democratic, he was defeated by Moses F. Odell. In 1863 he was again beaten by Mr. Odell. In 1864 Mr. Humphrey was the Republican can-

didate, will find themselves ushered into the President's private office—a sketch of which we present on this page.

There is nothing remarkable about this apartment, so far as its size, furniture, etc., are concerned; but if we could illustrate the aspirations, the hopes, the ambitions, and all the varied feelings that have been carried into it by the multitudes who have gone there to solicit favors, we would furnish a picture of surpassing interest.

Adjoining the office is the Library, a still more private apartment, to which but few gain access. Here is the desk of the private secretary, and here the President confers with those whose business is sufficiently important to demand especial consideration. The collection of books is not very large, but well selected, containing such works as are suitable for consultation. There is not much ornamentation in this room, though



THE LATE HON. JAMES HUMPHREY, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.—PHOT. BY WILLIAMSON, BROOKLYN.

didate, and was elected by a handsome majority. He was regarded as a most useful and hard-working man in Congress. He was a good scholar, a genial companion and amiable gentleman. Mr. Humphrey was a member of the Church of the Pilgrims, of which the Rev. Dr. Storrs is pastor.

THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE AND LIBRARY.

WHILE in a certain sense the President belongs to the people, and in their servant, he is not always accessible to every person whose interest or curiosity might prompt him to seek an interview with the chief of the nation. He may or may not deny himself to visitors; and those who are favored with an

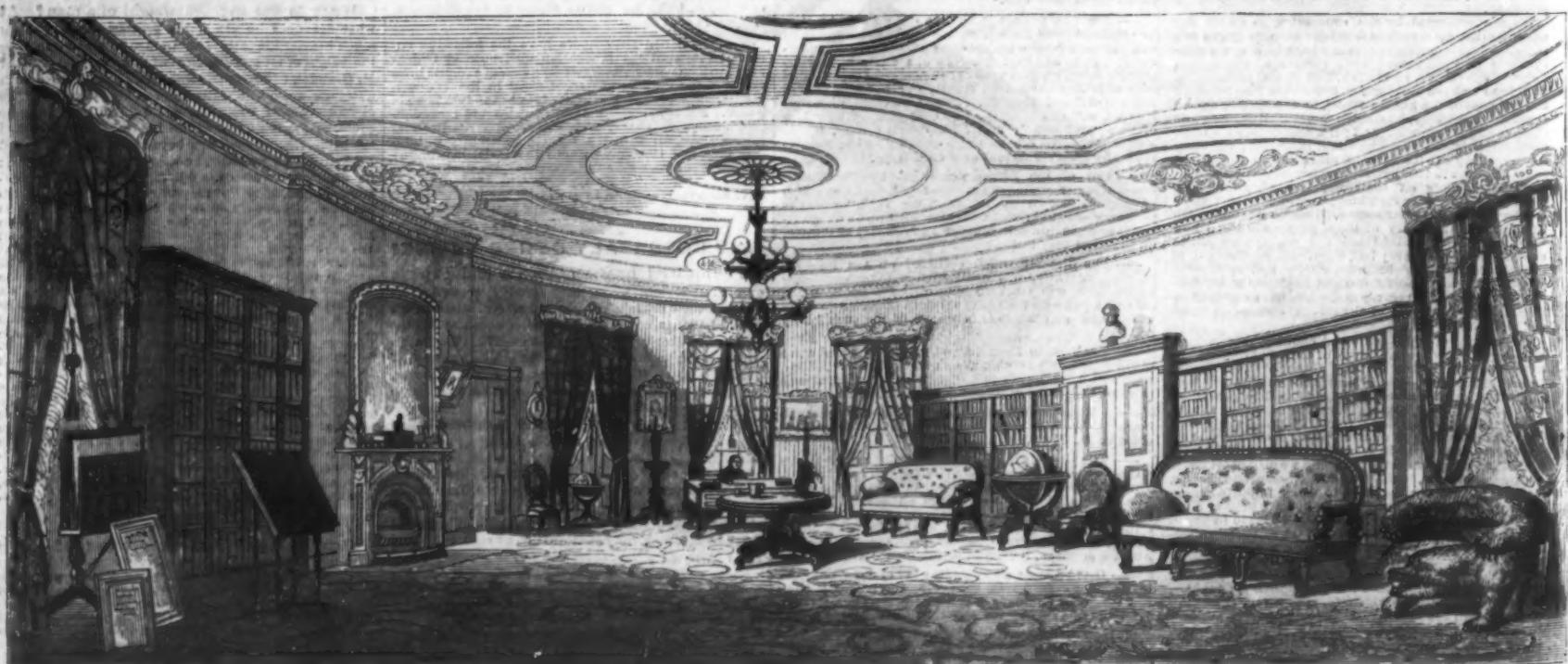
the walls are graced with portraits of Mr. Lincoln, Gen. Grant, and others; and on the mantel and other places, are various articles and curiosities, that, from time to time, have been presented to the President.

The Library is a pleasant, cheerful room, overlooking the Potomac and a considerable region beyond, and those who have never seen it can form a correct idea of its appearance from the illustration.

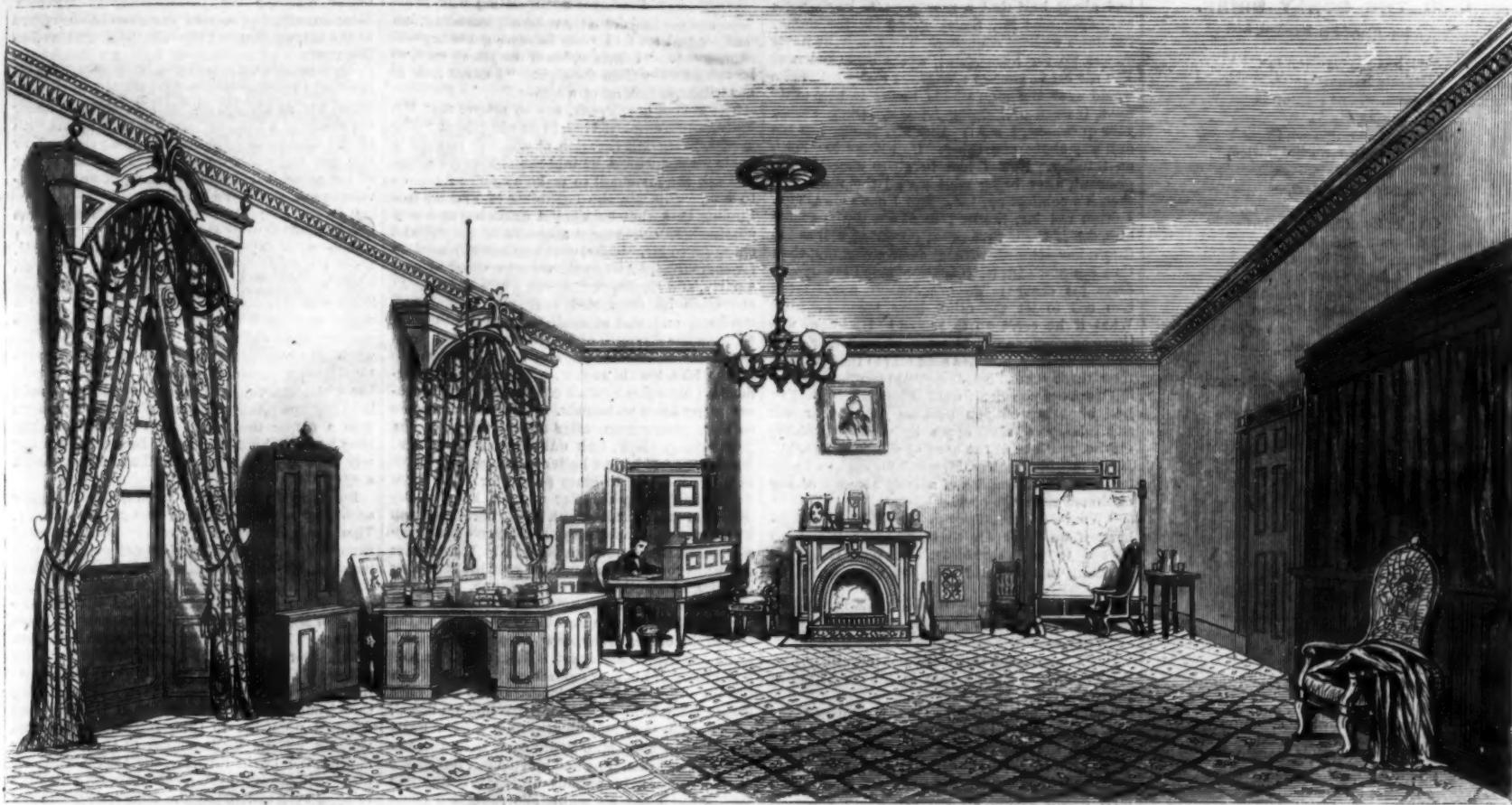
HON. LEWIS CASS.

ANOTHER of the prominent men of our country has passed away at a ripe old age, leaving a record of no mean pretensions.

Gen. Cass died in Detroit on the 17th ult., at the almost patriarchal age of eighty-four. He was born in Exeter



THE PRESIDENT'S LIBRARY AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.



PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE, AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. E. H. BONWILL.

N. H., and educated in part at the Academy of that place. His father bore a commission in the revolutionary army, and was present at the battles of Bunker Hill, Saratoga, Princeton and Germantown. He remained in the army for a number of years after the war, and resigned in 1801, when he removed to Ohio. Here young Lewis commenced the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1802, and immediately commenced practice with marked success. His political life commenced in 1806 with his election to the Legislature of Ohio, when the schemes of Aaron Burr began to culminate in open treason.

Mr. Cass was one of the committee to which the matter was referred, and drafted the law that enabled the local authorities to arrest the men engaged in the plot; while on their way down the river.

In 1812 he volunteered his services in the force which was called out to join the army under General Hull, and marched to Dayton, where he was elected Colonel of the Third Regiment of Ohio Volunteers. He was the first man, with his detachment, to invade Canada. Being promoted to a Brigadier-General, he joined Gen. Harrison, and was present in the pursuit of Proctor. After the campaign terminated, Gen. Cass was left in command of Michigan, and soon after he was appointed Civil Governor of the Territory, and from this time Detroit became his permanent residence. In 1831 Mr. Cass was appointed Secretary of War by President Jackson, which position he held some five years, when he resigned on account of ill health, much to the regret of Gen. Jackson, who tendered him the mission to France, where he added to his fame by adjusting some complicated questions that for some time had disturbed our diplomatic intercourse with that country. His celebrated protest against the "Quintuple Treaty," which provided for the indiscriminate right of search on the high seas, had the effect of preventing the final ratification of that treaty by France, and thus rendered its provisions inoperative. On his return to the United States, he was put in nomination for the Presidency, receiving a large number of votes at the Convention, which finally fixed upon Mr. Polk. In 1845 he was elected to the Senate of the United States, which place he resigned on his nomination to the Presidency in 1848. When Mr. Buchanan came into office, Mr. Cass was appointed Secretary of State, and continued in that capacity until 1850, when he resigned in disgust at the lack of energy displayed by the President, retiring to Detroit, where he has ever since remained. Gen. Cass was possessed of great wealth, having purchased a large amount of real estate when he first went to Detroit, which has since become immensely valuable. In manners he was simple, and in his intercourse with society frank and affable. He was remarkably temperate in his habits, and doubtless owed his long years and good health to this fact. His private character was above reproach, while, as a statesman, he ranked among the first in our country.

THE MORGUE.

OUR authorities have supplied a want long felt, by opening a Morgue, or receptacle for the unknown dead, and those who are killed by accident, and are subject to the Coroner's control. On our front page there is a view of the building itself, and also of the visitors' room, and the room in which the bodies of the dead are placed for recognition. The Morgue is in charge of the Medical Board of Bellevue Hospital, and is modeled after *Le Morgue* of Paris.

The principal room is a large square apartment, well lighted from two sides, having stone walls, and a tile floor, some three feet beneath the ground level. On one side are arranged four marble slabs, or sloping tables, elevated about three feet from the floor, upon which the corpses, dressed simply in underclothes, are intended to be placed. Four pendent india-rubber water-pipes, descending from the ceiling above these tables, keep up a constant flow of water upon the bodies beneath, preserving and disinfecting them. Upon hooks overhead, immediately in rear of the tables, the outer clothing of the deceased will be hung conspicuously. If any friends of the missing person desire a nearer inspection, they can be admitted, on making proper application, into the inner room. Next the ceiling, above the door of communication between the two rooms, a patent lamp, over which is a flue leading to a chimney, will be kept burning day and night, and is warranted by its inventor to completely disinfect both apartments by creating a draft and carrying out the foul air.

A glass partition shuts off the tables from the rest of the apartment, and prevents the escape of any odor that may arise. A glass partition likewise divides the visitors' room from the dead-room, allowing a full inspection of the bodies, without the necessity of entering the apartment. As soon as a corpse is brought to the Morgue, it is stripped and carefully washed and examined. The clothes are also washed and put aside. If the deceased be known, the body will be held unposed until friends can be notified to present themselves and fulfill the formalities of law. In the case of the unknown dead, the bodies will be exposed from two to four days, when, if they remain unrecognized, they will be buried. After the burial of the corpse, the clothes will still remain on exhibition for fifteen days. They will then be done up in packages and put away for preservation.

An exact record of the number of bodies received, the circumstances attending death, and the disposition made of them, will be kept, and always be open for the inspection of parties interested. The Morgue is under the charge of Mr. John H. Manahan, the gentlemanly Warden of Bellevue Hospital, who will afford every facility to all classes concerning friends whom they may miss, and hope to identify.

THE MANUFACTURE OF TWIST TOBACCO.

THE lovers of the weed have probably no idea of the various manipulations necessary to produce the article suited to their taste. After the growth of the plant and its preparation for market, an expensive and tedious process, the manufacturer takes it in hand, and subjects it to such manipulations as fit it for the consumer's use. After the leaves are stripped from the stalks, they are tied in small parcels, and usually packed in hogheads on the plantation. The first process in the factory is the careful separation, leaf by leaf, of the parcels as they are taken from the hogheads for the purpose of securing uniformity of color and quality. This process is called *sorting the leaf*, and is performed by boys and girls. In the right of our sketch we have shown the original pressed mass, as it appears when the hoghead is removed, and likewise a pile of leaves that have been sorted. The tobacco, being carefully separated and sorted, is put into a large vat, and steamed to render it pliable and uniform in quality, after which it is moistened with a decoction of liquorice, sugar and other ingredients, that improve the flavor and increase the value of the lower grades. The

best quality of the article is not subjected to this sweetening process, and the planters and old Virginia gentlemen would scorn anything but the pure leaf, regarding the use of a flavored plug as an evidence of a depraved taste.

After the tobacco has been thus prepared, it is passed to the stemming and twisting-room. Here the stem is quickly and dexterously removed, and the leaves are then formed into rolls, resembling large cigars. The manipulation of the rolls requires more labor and skill than any other part of the manufacture, and none but the most experienced workmen are thus employed. Each hand is expected to roll from a hundred to one hundred and twenty pounds per day, and he receives extra pay for all he puts up in addition to his allotted task. Good workmen often make fair wages by their extra labor. When the rolls have been made, they are placed in the pots and pressed. After pressing, the twist is conveyed to the sweat-room, and placed in rows on shelves, where it undergoes a moistening process. It is then dried by artificial heat, after which it is ready for packing, which is done in cases resembling cheese-boxes, with the exception of being higher and larger. The packing is done very carefully, each layer containing the same number of pieces.

The process of making the common plug varies but little, and is as follows: The rolls are laid on an iron frame, divided into grooves by thin strips of metal, like a grating, each groove having the size of the plug that is to be formed. Over this frame, containing the rolls, another one of wood, so constructed as to fit into the grooves, is placed. Several frames thus arranged, with sheets of sheet-zinc or iron between them, are then put into a strong iron box or pot, and subjected to powerful pressure, which flattens the roll into its final shape. The rolls, now converted into plugs, are immediately taken to the drying-room and arranged on shelves, and, when sufficiently dried, are again pressed.

The excellence of any brand of tobacco depends greatly upon the skill in flavoring and the care in drying; and the proper attention to each of these processes is a secret that every manufacturer carefully guards.

The final operation is the packing into boxes or cases. The plugs are carefully laid in the bottom of the box in regular layers, and when the box is partially filled, a pressure of several tons is exerted upon it; then a few more layers are put in, when the pressure is repeated, and so on, until the box is entirely filled and closed.

The stems that have been removed from the leaves are also packed into large butts, and shipped to Germany, to be used in making snuff and smoking-tobacco.

The hands employed in the tobacco factories are all negroes, and they have a habit, which has descended from generations, of singing dirges and melodies in a peculiar tone, which both impresses and amuses the listener. Many of them have fine voices, and their simple, fervent songs are a marked feature of the operation, which no visitor can ever forget.

Before the war, Lynchburg contained some seventy tobacco factories, which were noted for the superior quality of their products; but, owing to the high tax and other causes, there is but one in operation at the present time, of which Mr. Geo. A. Burks is the proprietor. Our illustration gives a view of the different parts of the process, and will convey a clear idea of the manner in which the seed is prepared for use.

These sketches, showing the process of manufacturing tobacco, are from the pencil of one of our corps of Artists, now traveling in the South and obtaining material for future illustrations.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN RAILROADS.—For the ten years 1855-64, the average cost of operating the railroads of Great Britain, was \$6,325 per mile, and the average earnings, \$12,900. These figures show, when compared with our own statistics, covering the same ground, a very economical management. The average earnings per mile of the railroads of New York, in the same period, were \$9,207 per mile, and the average cost of operating, \$5,675. We thus have in the one case an average profit of 52 per cent, and in the other of 37 per cent. The United Kingdom has one mile of railroad to every 11.5 square miles of territory; New York one mile to every 16.9 square miles. But New York has a far greater number of miles of the iron track in proportion to population. The United Kingdom has 244 inhabitants to the square mile; New York, 54. The cost per mile of the English roads has been three times greater than the cost of our own.



THE LATE GENERAL LEWIN CASS.

O'ER THE BONNY BRINE.

BY HAROLD HUNGE.

Eh! but thy passion is
Rarely barbaric,
Maiden, whose fashion is
Greek as Alaric.
Saintly the Southern Cross
Shines through the lattice,
Vailing like bridal lace
Thee and the dais,—

O'er kirtle of beryl,
Whose undulous fold
Is sautie with bezants,
And flashing with gold;
Over breasts swart and full,
With crescents of sheen
Slashed round the sides of them,
On bodice of green;

Purpled sleeves crimson dashed,
Heavy with tissue
Of treasures that all are
Dress of god Vishnu;
Cestus of onyxes,
Clasped too with gold,
Lastrous as trail of
The serpent of old

Over a paradise
Matched but in Zion.
Eh! but thine eyes have
The tawn of the lion;
Vainly they sparkle, though—
O'er the bonny brine
Comes a fond remembrance,
Lady-love, of thine.

As a sword well-tampered
In a lucid flood,
Circles from the muscles
Keen, and true, and good,
So my soul, attempered
In that love of thine,
Bears thy lover harmless
O'er the bonny brine.

MY NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR.

I HAVE not forgotten my dear mother's early lessons of wisdom when I was a little child at her knee. One wholesome piece of advice she gave me made a wonderful impression upon my tender mind. It was this: "Never talk about your neighbors." But since I have grown older, and I hope somewhat wiser, I do not consider the admonition to mean exactly what I thought it did when a child. I did not dare then to tell my mother what my little friend Nellie Mason carried in her bright tin pail for her school dinner, though I was sadly tempted to do so sometimes; nor even how her wicked brother Joe, when drawing us home on his sled, would upset us in a huge snowbank, and run away laughing, leaving us to pick up our pails, our books, and ourselves, as we best could. Now I can better understand that the homely maxim is only intended to correct all improper meddling with other people's affairs when they do not in any wise concern ourselves. So I think, kind reader, you will excuse the peop I now take at my next-door neighbor, as I am quite sure you will agree with me that in some of her affairs at least I had considerable concern.

Mrs. Smith rented the house on my right, and immediately moved into it with her husband and six children. A little black-eyed girl of five or six summers was at once at my door with the request:

"Please, ma'am, will you lend us your broom and mop, and mother would like a drawing of tea for supper."

"Oh, certainly," I said; "your mother is tired with her journey, I know, and cannot unpack much to-night. Tell her I am glad to oblige her in any way in my power," and suiting the action to the word, I accompanied the tea with a plate of warm biscuit. Bridget had just taken out of the oven. Little Susie luggered them all home with one of the happiest faces in the world, but Bridget shook her head wisely as she said:

"Indade, ma'am, it's name of my business, but I'm after thinking you'll be just getting into a fine scrape with them children."

In the evening my husband said to me:

"I hope you will go in soon and see our new neighbor. We have hired Mr. Smith to work for us. He seems like a clever man, though a little down-hearted. Ye know the heart of a stranger, and any little kindness you can show them now will be most welcome."

Accordingly, the next day I made a friendly call. Mrs. Smith gave me a cordial greeting. She made many apologies for her own dishabille as well as the disorder of her house. She was a commanding-looking woman, masculine in appearance, with a keen black eye, and her voice was loud and shrill. Mr. Smith was a meek, patient-looking man. He had a stoop with his shoulders, as if some heavy weight was upon them, and his eyes were always cast down. Joseph, the oldest child, of twelve years, was sickly and timid like his father, while the next was the exact counterpart of his mother. The three little girls soon made my acquaintance, asking all manner of questions, the mother at the same time talking incessantly, so that in one short call I learned more of their family matters than under ordinary circumstances I could have found out in many weeks. Mr. Smith, she said, was a very bashful man. She had to do all the talking, and indeed all the managing, too.

"You will not believe me, Mrs. Morris," she added, "but I really think if it was not for me that man would be cheated out of his eye-teeth. As sure as I live I have saved dollars and dollars for that man, just as good as thrown into the fire if it had not been for me. (Susie, hold your tongue this minute, I say!) I make it a point to pay

just about half that a man asks, to begin with, but, dear me! Mr. Smith would lay the money flat down without counting. The fact is, he never stands up for his rights; works early and late. You see he is poor as a crow. I really believe he would wear the skin off his hands to help other folks, instead of helping himself. (Stop asking your questions, I say!) But Mr. Smith has his own way about one thing. He will go to church on Sunday. Now I like to go to church. It's pleasant, after being shut up all the week, and then it's comforting, too. But I can't always go. I often tell Mr. Smith I don't see the need for him, for if them that preaches did as well as he, they'd be better off without their preaching, than they are now with it. (Children, stop I say—you'll drive me crazy!) There's Joseph now. I tell him not to let the other boys tread on him. What if he can't go to school? He knows five times as much as Bill Shearer, whose father is as rich as Croesus, and has sent him to the academy these three years. No, Joseph, do you hear me?—tell the boys you don't want their pity. They're just imposing on you because you're poor and sick. Keep a stiff upper lip, and by-and-by, maybe, you'll be at the head of the heap after all. Do be neighborly, Mrs. Morris," she said, as I rose to leave, in the midst of a long account of her old home and neighbors.

"What's the use, I say to Mr. Smith, of neighbors, if we don't use them. I make it a point always to be neighborly, and now, if there's anything in the world that you want, just send in."

To Bridget's inquiry, "How I would be afterliking the new-comers?" I only replied:

"They seem friendly and sociable."

But I must confess I could not forget her prediction, or help fearing that in the end it might prove too true.

The next morning Mrs. Smith returned my call, accompanied by two of the children, and most of the others were over before she left. Their curiosity knew no bounds. Not a room was unvisited. Not a drawer or cupboard unexplored. Mrs. Smith talked all the time, now dragging some screaming child from a closet, then promising candies or sugar as a reward of obedience; now threatening to take their ears off, declaring their noise would drive her crazy, then flattering by repeating their little sayings, as if they were prodigies indeed. Nor were Bridget's quarters by any means unmolested. Her kitchen-floor, as white as sand and soap could make it, her pantry, her basket, and her knitting-work, all bore sad marks of the intruders. Poor Bridget! From this time she set her face as a flint against them. Woe to the luckless one who ventured upon her forbidden ground! The broom, the mop, a dipper of water, anything she could lay hands on, was sent after them sans ceremonie. The screaming of the children would bring out the mother, foaming with rage, and then the war of words would suggest to my mind the apocalyptic vision at the sounding of the fifth angel: "They had hair as the hair of women, and their teeth were as the teeth of lions, and out of their mouths issued fire and smoke and brimstone."

No argument of mine had power thereafter to move Bridget a hair's-breadth from the stand she had taken.

"Indade, ma'am," she would reply, "I'll have nothing to do with them, nor any of their kith or kin."

Did I speak of Mr. Smith, of his meek and patient ways, she would only add with a significant shake of the head:

"The more's the pity; the more's the pity, ma'am."

At times I secretly questioned whether her course would not be the wiser one for me, but not being able conscientiously to adopt it, the children were in and out at the door of my room instead of hers; and thus in trying to keep the peace, my whole head was sick, and my whole heart faint. To confess the truth, there were times when I proved a strange peacemaker. I had a choice house-plant, which after much careful nurture, repaid me with a blossom of rarest beauty. I placed it where the morning sun kissed its fair petals, and the passing breeze stole fragrance from its dainty cells. What was my astonishment, when little Susie came in to borrow some yeast for her mother's bread, to see the flower in her hand, which she had ruthlessly plucked at the door. I seized it from her angrily, giving the trespassing han' a smart blow. Her screams ring in my ears now! Mrs. Smith was at once on the ground, and reading the whole story at first sight, she pinched poor Susie like a tiger on its prey, while Bridget, with her arms akimbo, made the whole house ring with downright hearty laughter. Altogether, I think, upon the stage it would be called a "riot scene." Mrs. Smith dragged the screaming child home, but with a flashing eye, and a voice above the din, exclaimed:

"I must say, Mrs. Morris, I think you make a great fuss over a little, good-for-nothing posy."

Mrs. Smith was an inveterate borrower. What was so promptly begun the first night of their arrival, was scarcely intermitted for a single day in the year: "Ma wants to borrow your castor oil and mustard," or "Ma is mending a coat—will you lend her a patch?" "Ma wants your umbrella, our'n is broke"—these and similar items were the wants of every day. Once, having some acquaintance from her former home call to see her, she sent over a request for the loan of my china teaset. "Well," said Bridget, "I've hearn tell of the patience of Job, but biles from head to foot wouldn't begin to be such a pestle!"

At times Mrs. Smith was highly and fashionably dressed, when her *tout ensemble* would impress a stranger as dignified and distinguished. But she was usually careless about her personal appearance. I remember one time, as she stood at her door, directing her boys who were at work in the yard, Harry Sears, a young relative and member of our family, watched her attentively for some time. Her black hair hung about her face, loose and dis-

heveled; her forefinger gesticulating with great effect, as she laid down the rules of proceeding, her manner and tone of voice indicating the highest excitement. "I declare," said the young man, as he turned away from the sight, "I never look at her without thinking of a hyena!"

The second boy, Frank, was so active, that Mr. Morris often employed him to do odd jobs at "The Works." Having occasion at one time to send in haste for some tools, he told Frank to go for them, and ask the merchant to make a charge for them to him. This was the beginning of Frank's fall. Finding that what he wanted could be so easily obtained, he commenced a system of buying and charging to Mr. Morris, which he adroitly kept up for some time. At length, we were about to give a party, and for Frank this was a rare chance. At one store he purchased a cheese, at another, crackers, and still at another, nuts and candies, all upon the strength of Mr. Morris's party! Suspicion was at last excited, and the truth came to light. Mrs. Smith, at first, utterly refused to believe it; but upon Frank's confession, her impetuous anger knew no bounds. "So, you have come to this, young man, after all my teaching and painstaking. Now, look out for your head, sir! Mr. Morris will have a halter round your neck for this, or send you to State prison for life! Poor boy! I don't suppose, after all, you knew where the harm was; but look out, I tell you. They will be after such a rascal as you. Haven't I told you a hundred times never to tell a lie? Your father will whip you within an inch of your life!" After berating him in this fashion for a time, she broke into hysterical sobs, wringing her hands and calling herself the most miserable of all beings on the face of the earth. Frank, now thoroughly alarmed, made his way to the depot. With tears, he told a sad story of his poor mother, sick and dying in a distant city, and that she longed to see him once more. The kind conductor took him on board, with a promise to help him through —. Early the next morning, Mrs. Smith came over with her baby in her arms. She had started Mr. Smith late in the evening in pursuit of Frank. She had walked the house all night, she said, and could bear it no longer. She was going herself to find her dear lost boy. Would we look after the children at home? Joseph could take care of them, if now and then we would see that no harm came to them. She had told them to be good and make us no trouble. Here was a dilemma! I knew well enough there was not much in the house to eat; Besides, it was mid-winter, and the children might burn the house down in trying to take care of themselves. What should be done? Mr. Morris proposed that I should ask the children to take dinner with us, and at night he would go over and watch with them. To sleep in their premises would be quite out of the question. It was with something of the martyr spirit that we entered upon the prospect before us. However, the children, for once, did nobly. A terror had come over them on account of Frank, which awed them into submissive obedience to all our wishes. When Bridget brought in the dessert for dinner, a favorite pudding upon which she prided herself, there were no plates for the children. "There wasn't crame enough to make puddin' for the children," she said. The next night, Mrs. Smith came home, and, sure enough, Frank was with her. She was in raptures that she had found her lost boy again. The people that he was with, she said, couldn't bear to have him come away. They wanted him to live with them always; but she couldn't think of that, she'd be so miserable without him. He had promised to be a very good boy, and never do anything wrong again. She didn't think he would. He was a child that didn't know better.

One morning soon after this, the omnibus stopped at Mrs. Smith's door, and a fair young girl alighted. She proved to be a niece of Mr. Smith, from a distant part of the country. She had not seen her uncle for years, and never before any of his family.

"Well, well," said Bridget, "I pity her; it makes me think of what is said about lambs among wolves. An' shure, she'll not stay there long."

But she did stay, and, like David's harp, her presence had a magic power over the evil spirit to drive it away. She was very lovely in appearance, and, surrounded by her friends, seemed like some tender exotic transplanted to the bleak regions of the north. Her words were always low and sweet, her face radiant with love, the children never tired of admiring or striving to please her; they were so happy to be with her, and their love so unbounded, that every wish of hers became to them a law. Joseph, under her gentle instruction, was soon able to read and write. He would sit beside her by the hour together, conning his lessons, without a thought of weariness, if now and then he could receive a sweet word of encouragement.

"I declare," said Bridget, "she makes me think of the Blessed Virgin herself;" and, like her, she answered to that sweetest of all names, Mary.

But more affecting than all else was it to see her with her uncle on Sabbath mornings, as they walked together to the House of God. I could never look at her then without thinking of those words of Jesus: "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you." Surely that peace was in her heart.

To Mr. Smith her face was as the face of an angel. A beam of its glad sunshine rested upon his; he walked more erect; he ventured to speak to her of his hope that earthly trial had led him to cast his anchor within the vail, while with good words of cheer she helped him onward. As for Mrs. Smith, Mary found the warm side of her heart; she sought out and brought to light whatever was good there, and, with pitying kindness, covered or excused its defects. I cannot tell how it was, but a wondrous change came over the entire household. The influence was like the dew upon the tender herb, noiseless but all-pervading. Not only in Mrs. Smith's family, but to their next-door neighbors, Mary was an angel of love.

In the transparent light of her example I could

better discover the incongruities of my own. Many humiliating lessons she gave me in regard to the management of my own family, as well as the manner of intercourse with my neighbors, though never a word upon these subjects passed her lips. Bridget would sit by the window and watch her, as she told stories to the children under the shade of a tree, or joined in their sports with all the delight of the youngest among them. Now and then she would wipe her eyes with the corner of her apron, till at last, breaking down in a convulsive sob, she would exclaim:

"Ah me, ah me! I'm so bad. It's no for the like of Bridget to be swate and good as Mary."

Poor Bridget! I think she need not despair. More than once afterward I saw her giving an apple or doughnut to the children; and when Susie was very sick, she watched with her many a night, carrying her in her great strong arms more tenderly than any one else could. Above all else, when Mrs. Smith would overstep the restraint that Mary's presence imposed, and retort upon her with some unjust or biting sarcasm, she would hold her lips tightly together, plant her foot down with a firmer tread, and with unwonted energy busy herself about her work. Is she not in a fair way to be adjudged "greater than he that taketh a city"?

But Mary's visit came to an end, and the family soon after moved to another part of the country. This was their habit every year or two. Released from the control that Mary's quiet goodness had inspired, Mrs. Smith again found free use both of her tongue and temper. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" But with the children the effect of Mary's example and instruction was more lasting. They were far more affectionate to each other, more respectful and obedient to their father; Mr. Smith was a happier man; he enjoyed the society of his children. After Mary had gone they transferred much of the warm love they had lavished upon her to their father. So far from yielding all the management of them to their mother, as he had before, he took his proper place, and assumed the responsibilities which the relation ever had imposed. Frank went on from bad to worse; the last I heard of him he had been arrested for stealing a horse and sleigh from a church door, during service, on the Sabbath, and had in prospect a term of service in the State prison.

The coat of mail in which our friend Harry had entrenched himself in regard to our neighbors, had one vulnerable point, and, if I mistake not, Cupid's dart discovered it. I suspect he will soon be asking for leave of absence from business a while, and that when he returns it will not be alone. Bridget, still blunt and outspoken, though never now allowing her temper to obtain the mastery, declares that Mary will have to say to Harry, what a shrewd Irishman did in the old country to the girl of his choice:

"But I," said the humble girl, "once had a relative hung."

"Ah," was the lover's reply, "I don't know as I ever had a relative hung; but I have some that ought to be!"

"There is a moral to every human tale."

Mrs. Smith was left an orphan at an early age. She grew up uncared for and unloved, ignorant and self-willed. With different surroundings, her remarkable energy and natural ability might have made a character of uncommon worth. By-and-by she was called away, and I was about to add, "Peace to her memory;" but her proud form rises before my vision, the threatening shake of the finger and scornful curl of the lip, the eye that darts forth flames of fire, while, with a shrill scream she inquires: "What hast thou to do with peace? Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?" Nevertheless, I will say, *Requiescat in pace*.

"Think gently of the erring one; oh, do not forget, However darkly-stained by sin, he is thy brother yet; Hold or the self-same heritage, child of the self-same God,

He hath but stumbled in the path thou hast in weakness trod.

Forget not thou hast often sinned, and sinful yet may be;

Deal gently with the erring one, as God hath dealt with thee."

A FUNNY DOG STORY.

When the war in Italy commenced, the Zouaves embarked for Genoa; but as they were going on board the ship, they saw a formal order forbidding the entrance of all dogs upon the vessel. As they were very much attached to their dogs, they were stricken with grief. It was not easy to deceive the sharp lookout kept by the intendant, for every soldier advanced along the narrow gangway, one by one, as their names were called. Necessity is the mother of invention. The drummers unscrewed their drums, and the best dogs of the regiment were concealed in them, when they were screwed up again. When regiments embark no music is played, but on this occasion the Colonel determined that there should be some. He ordered the trumpets and drums to take the head of the column and to play a lively tune. The faces of the drummers—every one of whom had a dog in his drum—may be conceived. The trumpets sounded; the drums were all silent. The Colonel got angry, and bawled to know why the drums did not beat. There was but one thing to do, and that was to beat. The moment the drums began to beat, innumerable dogs began to howl and bay, to the astonishment of everybody but the Zouaves. Everybody looked right, left, backward, forward—no sign of a dog anywhere; and yet, the more the drummers beat, the more the dogs howled. At last a spaniel fell out of a drum, rolled over and over on the ground, got up and took to his heels, howling louder than ever. Roars of laughter greeted this explanation of the mysterious howls. The intendant ordered the drummers to advance on board, one by one, and to roll his drum as he came. If a barking was heard, the drum was unscrewed and the dog put on shore. Only one dog got on board; this was Toucan, who kept quiet through all the rolling. It need not be said the Third Zouaves adore Toucan. He made his entrée into Paris at their head.

WHEN Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor in the reign of Henry VIII., he ordered a gentleman to pay a sum of money to a poor woman whom he had wronged. The gentleman said: "Then I have your lordship will grant me a long day to pay it." "I will grant your motion," said the Chancellor; "Monday next is St. Barnabas Day, which is the longest day in the year; pay it to the widow that day, or I will commit you to the Fleet Prison."

THEY SHALL RETURN.

BREAK, break upon my breaking heart, O Sea,
My woeful heart, that beats upon thy shore,
Break, break and crumble, to depart with thee,
My freighted shallows that return no more.

Nay, saith Time's monotone,
Nay, saith Time's rolling drone,
Bear thou thy sorrow still,
Whether for good or ill :
They shall return.

Roar, roar upon my rueful heart, O Sea,
My rueful heart, that groans upon thy shore,
Fain to forget, and to depart with thee,
Like my lost shallows, to return no more.

Nay, saith Time's monotone,
Nay, saith Time's dreary drone,
Wait thou thy Maker's will,
Whether for good or ill :
They shall return.

Wait, wait upon my woeful heart, O Sea,
My writhing heart, that may not yield nor flee,
My dearest hopes shall not depart with thee :
Return—return—give up mine own, O Sea !

Nay, saith Time's monotone,
Nay, saith Time's weary drone,
Wait thou His day, until,
Whether for good or ill :
They shall return.

META.

FRANCIS DUNBAR lay in the shadows of the great maples, watching the little figure wending its way across the field. It came nearer, and closing the book he had been reading, he half raised himself from his recumbent position to get a better view of her.

Short brown curls gave a piquant expression to the fresh, sparkling face, whose red lips softly caroled little snatches of song; while one round, dimpled arm and hand curved themselves upward, and balanced on the curly head a shining tin pail filled with sparkling water from the spring below.

He knew that she was a sort of upper-servant in Squire Oldfield's family, where she had been brought up from a little girl, being himself betrothed to Margaret Oldfield, the squire's only daughter; he knew, too, that his admiration for the artless little Meta was wrong, very wrong, and stately Margaret would open wide her proud black eyes did she even dream of it. At the thought he darted a stealthy, searching look toward the windows of the great white house that overlooked the tall trees in whose shadow he lay concealed, as he called out :

"Come here, Meta; I must have a drink of that nice fresh water."

She turned at the sound of his voice, and the blushes came and went as she advanced shyly toward him, and with a quick, graceful movement, swung the pail downward, and placed it beside him.

One more rapid glance toward the house, and his eyes looked admiringly into her own as he said, laughingly :

"Here is the water, Miss Meta, but how am I to drink it?"

The blushes were yet more vivid as she murmured a half apology, and started off for the required article.

"You need not take the trouble, little one; I can find something here that will do just as well," and drawing her back, he fashioned an odd-looking cup out of the hanging maple leaves, making comical efforts to procure a drink, for the sake of listening to the arch, rippling laugh that lighted up the nut-brown eyes and purled from between the parted lips at his repeated failures.

She thought him very handsome as he stood there, his hair falling in clustering rings on his white forehead as he bent over the pail, his blue eyes glancing every moment into hers with a merry affection of dismay at his poor success. He at last assured her that he had had sufficient, and when she would have raised the pail to return to the house, he determined to brave even Margaret's pride, and carry it himself; for he had grown strangely careful of those little brown hands of late.

But the girl had a finer and truer sense of their respective positions than himself; for she shrank from his out-stretched hand with a low-murmured, "If you please, Mr. Dunbar, I would rather carry it myself."

He took no notice of the timid words, nor the questioning eyes raised to his, but lifted the pail from her hand without a word, wondering, as the sharp handle lined itself on his white aristocratic palm, how that little figure could support the heavy weight.

She made no motion to follow him, but stood still and silent; returning to her side, he said, looking down into her face :

"Meta, why do you not wish me to carry it? Are you afraid that I will do too much for you? If so, see! I will take my payment now;" and bending down, he pressed a daring kiss on her lip.

She drew her little figure up proudly, and the look of scorn she bent upon him was worthy of even the squire's stately daughter, as she moved away, leaving the mortified young man standing there, more humiliated by that silent rebuke than he could have been by the most passionate expressions of anger. He raised the pail and followed her, feeling that nothing would be too mortifying, if it would only assure her of his heart-felt contrition. A colored domestic was the only personage that greeted him as he opened the kitchen-door, and he had the full benefit of her surprised glances as he deposited his burden without a word. A half hour afterward he saw Meta pass the door, and though he felt assured that she must know of his close vicinity, she did not even deign to glance toward him.

As he sat there, almost hating himself for his

blind folly, a white arm stole round his neck, and Margaret Oldfield's love-lit face looked into his own. He pressed a tender kiss on her fair brows and drew her to a seat beside him. Sitting there in the summer twilight, with Margaret's hand clasped in his and Margaret's eyes looking into his own, he forgot his interest in the little girl who had so unexpectedly resented his audacity.

He had met Margaret in the city the year previous, and charmed by her grace and beauty, he had solicited her to become his wife; and obtaining the assurance of her love, he had followed her to her country home to gain the sanction of her father. The squire, who placed entire confidence in his daughter's judgment, and who was from the first prepossessed in her lover's favor, readily gave his consent to the union, and since then affairs had glided smoothly on, save when an occasional lover's quarrel marred their even harmony.

The disposition of Francis was haughty and unyielding, but Margaret's was equally so; and it chafed him to think that he was sometimes compelled to subjugate his will to another, even though that other was the woman whom he had asked to be his wife.

In the days of estrangement Margaret would realize with aching heart that her disposition was totally unfitted to mate with his; he needed a gentle, yielding wife, who would rely on his judgment unquestioningly, and such she could never be. But a loving reconciliation would banish all such unpleasant misgivings; and every week saw a couple of its days spent by Francis at the squire's old farm-house, where pretty Meta, with her bright, winning face, always crossed his path.

Since that little episode in the maple grove Meta had avoided him, and he missed her bright face even more than he cared to acknowledge to himself.

It was then that Margaret's cause suffered most; for in his anxiety to express his sorrow and implore her forgiveness for his fault, Meta was almost constantly in his thoughts, and it irritated him to see how persistently she shunned him. But he would not be deceived by her seeming coldness; for he could not blind himself to the deepening flush in the rosy cheek, as she caught his eyes fixed earnestly upon her, nor fail to catch the trembling light in her own, as they met him for one brief instant, reading the interest he had created far better than she did herself; and in the exultation of the thought, he, wealthy and high-born, realized that the squire's brown-eyed little servant-maid held a place in his heart that the squire's beautiful daughter had never filled.

With an ardent, impulsive temperament, he was thoroughly selfish; and stifling all manly pleadings for the fair girl whom he had wooed and won, he determined to disregard the sneers of his aristocratic relatives, and win little Meta for his wife.

The opportunity he had so long sought at last presented itself. He came face to face with her as she was flying across the lawn, intercepting her quick passage as he placed himself directly in her path.

"Meta," he spoke low and hurriedly, "there is something I wish to say to you. Wait till your mistress has retired to-night, and then go to the willows, at the back of the house, and you will find me waiting for you there. Will you promise?"

He was looking at her with eyes that said not, "Will you?" but, "You will;" and, like a bird charmed by a serpent, she stood trembling and uncertain, till his passionate reiteration compelled her assent.

That night, when most of the old squire's household had sought their respective apartments, and unsuspecting Margaret, with a heart full of happiness, had parted from her lover at the foot of the stairs, a little figure, wrapped in a large mantle, stole cautiously out of the back door, and glided swiftly and silently down the path that led to the foot of the old willow. She did not shrink when a tall figure came toward her out of the thick darkness, for the brave little heart would not fear anything from Miss Margaret's betrothed, who must be, like her, good and honorable.

The pure, upturned face, with the light of the stars falling soft upon it, possessed, in its perfect trustfulness, a talisman that was its surest safeguard; and Francis Dunbar, with all his faults, would never have brought a blush of shame to a face like that.

There was reassurance in the low tones that spoke her name, and tender respect in the voice that plead forgiveness for the past, and the little heart fluttered wildly as, taking her hand in both his, he asked her to be his wife. It was so sudden, so unexpected, she could not at first understand; but when he drew her close to him, and looked down into her face, waiting for her answer, she did not think of Margaret or the great wrong she was doing her, but let her head rest just where he had placed it, with a feeling of perfect happiness stealing over her. He had said he loved her, and that thought was sufficient to make her forget that she was nothing but Meta Gray, a poor little servant, and he one of fortune's favorites, as far above her as society ever places wealth above poverty. But her love spanned the distance, immeasurable as it seemed, and her first thought was not for that, but for Margaret; and with a quick, frightened movement, she drew herself away. He quieted her with loving words, telling her how wrong it would be to marry one he did not love—and Margaret would not wish it: she would readily give him up when she saw how it was; and trusting little Meta again suffered her head to drop on his shoulder as she listened, thinking all the time how different must be her love from that of her young mistress: she would not want to give him up, not if fifty Miss Margarets stood in the way; and she clung closer to him at the bare thought.

A sudden flash of light gleamed across the path, and, looking up, they saw that it proceeded from Margaret's chamber.

"Oh, let me go!" Meta hurriedly exclaimed. "What if she should want me, and I not there!" and, breaking from his hold, she almost flew up the garden path.

He was at her side as she reached the door, and, opening it softly, the two stood in the wide, old-fashioned kitchen. They did not see the white, shrinking figure that, at the sound of the opening door, crouched, affrighted, into a shadowed recess; so he drew her closely to him, murmuring, tenderly:

"Give me my good-night kiss, Meta, before you go. You forgot that when you ran away so fast."

He bent his head, and she put her two arms round his neck, drawing his face down to hers, as she whispered, earnestly:

"You will not tire of me when I am your wife, Francis?"—love had so soon made the term familiar—"when you see how ignorant I am, and Miss Margaret so much above me?"

He saw her fear, and his tones throbbed with feeling as he answered:

"Never, darling! You have a true, loving heart, that is more to me than learning. Be always as you are now, little Meta, and you will hold me forever."

The boor he chaffed was not denied him then, and her lips murmured a low good-night, as she stole softly away. He followed her a moment after, and when the ticking of the old clock was the only sound that broke the silence, another figure glided across the oaken floor, and reached its room just behind the others.

Poor Margaret! The light revealed an ashen face as she sank powerless into a chair. Her head had ached badly; she remembered seeing some camphor in the kitchen closet, and knowing just where to seek it, she had gone for it without a light, and in the quiet darkness had come upon a deeper, life-long pain.

Ah, well! She had been dreaming a beautiful dream, and fate had showed her the awakening. It was cruel; but better now than later. And the wretched girl bowed her head in anguish.

That night, when the hours had sped far into the morning, and pretty Meta lay buried in happy, dreamful sleep, there was a noise of hurrying feet, and anxious faces flitted through the great house, for its master was dying.

Young Dr. Fredericks hastened over at the imperative summons, to find a score of frightened watchers gathered round the old squire's bedside. At the first entrance of the physician, he desired that all should leave the room save his daughter and Francis.

"Doctor, I know that I have but a little while to live;" and the feeble eyes searched the physician's shadowed face, and then rested, with a look of fond affection, on the kneeling figure of his daughter. "My child, tell Meta I wish to see her; what I have to say is for her as well."

The pallid face was lifted as Margaret rose to do her father's bidding.

She stood at Meta's door, waiting for her to appear.

A frightened voice had answered the sharp call, and Meta, with clothes loosely thrown on and a startled look in her brown eyes, stood in the open doorway. She shrank back guiltily when she saw Margaret's pale face confronting her; for in her half-awakened state she imagined that Francis had told her all, and that she had now come to upbraid her.

Margaret read something of her thoughts, and despite her deep pain, she looked scornfully down on the timid, shrinking girl that followed in her footsteps. A moment more, and Margaret knelt in her old place, the squire's withered hand on the head of his motherless, and soon to be fatherless, child; and little Meta, left alone, standing in the furthest corner of the room, half-blinded by the light and the unexpected scene, where nothing seemed familiar.

The old squire's voice, cheated into momentary strength, rose clear and distinct:

"I need not speak of the years of my life, made wretched through one base act of the past. I need only tell of one innocent girl dishonored, a happy home made wretched, and you know my crime. Yonder poor girl has been a living reminder of that one fatal misstep. I speak of this, so that you may know her even at this late day as my child. Margaret," and his hand strayed tenderly over the bowed head, "forgive your poor father for the weakness that has kept back this confession till the last moment, leaving you to bear the disgrace alone, when he is at rest forever. I know you are good and upright, my daughter, and I trust to you to see that she shares the fortune I leave to both."

Thus far Francis had been a silent listener; but roused into anger by the squire's devoted love for one child, that refused to speak a single kindly word of sympathy to the one he had brought to a life of shame, he could no longer control his feelings; and, without a thought of the shock his words might produce, the rash, impulsive young man strode across the room, and twining one arm around the shrinking figure of Meta, he hotly exclaimed:

"You have denied her a place in your affections, and your fortune she does not need. I love her, and shall make her my wife, giving her an honorable name, and helping her to bear the shame you have heaped upon her."

The old squire raised himself with an expiring effort, and glaring wildly upon the two, he shrieked out:

"My child! my Margaret! thou, too, art forsaken. God forgive me!" and falling back with a low moan, he was dead.

The first streaks of approaching dawn came dimly into that solemn room, falling with a sickly light on the pale, stiffened form of an old man and the kneeling figure of a young girl, crushed and heart-broken beneath the weight of a double woe.

Verily "the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children."

I'LL CALL TO-MORROW.

It is never quite safe to be churlish or impolite. A Boston manufacturer once lost some extensive orders from Russia by want of attention to visitors; and the following incident, said to be literally true, is told of a Philadelphia trader, who subjected himself to great mortification by impoliteness to Washington Irving. He had been much annoyed by many idle calls, and became a little crusty.

About this time the owner was one day standing in his door, when up came a rough-looking man, in a well bundled overcoat, wearing coarse, unpainted boots, and carrying in his hand a whip, who thus accosted him:

"Good-day, sir. Are you the owner of this establishment?"

"Well, I am," replied the other, with a look which seemed to say, "now you want to try it, don't you?"

"Have you any fine carriages for sale?" inquired the stranger, apparently not heeding the boorishness of the other.

"Well, I have."

"At what prices?"

"Rather cheap!"

"Ah! yes? Can I look at them?"

"You can do as you please, stranger. They are in there."

The stranger bowed politely, and passed in, examined the vehicles for a few minutes, returned, and said:

"There is one, I think, will answer my purpose."

"Two hundred dollars."

"Is that the lowest?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, I will call and give you my decision to-morrow."

And the stranger walked away.

"Yes, you'll call to-morrow! Oh, yes, certainly," replied the owner, in a tone of irony, not so low but the stranger heard him; but he kept on his way, taking no outward notice of it. "Fool me, will you?" and the owner commenced whistling.

The next day came, and with it the stranger also.

"I have come, according to promise," said he.

"I see you have, sir," replied the owner, a little abashed.

"I will take the carriage, sir," and to the astonishment of the other, he pulled out an old wallet, well filled with bills, and deliberately counted out two hundred dollars.

The owner was completely staggered. Here was something new. A cabman with so much money! He took the money, looked at it and at the stranger, eyed him from head to foot, and even examined his boots attentively. Then he counted his money over and held up each bill to the light, to see if it was counterfeit. No, all was good. A thought struck him—he would find out the man's name.

"I suppose you would like a receipt?" said he to the stranger.

"It may be as well."

"Yes, sir; what name?"

"Washington Irving."

"Sir!" said the other, actually starting back with amazement, "did I understand your name was —?"

"Washington Irving," replied the other, an almost imperceptible smile hovering around his lips.

"I—I—I really, sir, beg ten thousand pardons, sir; but I mistook you for a cabman sir, I did, indeed."

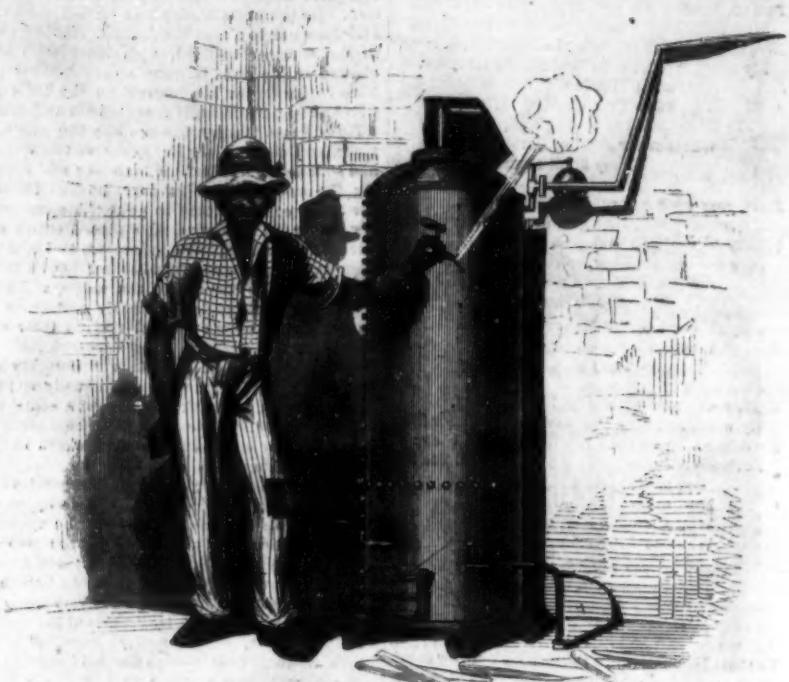
"No excuse, my friend," replied Irving. "I am no better than you took me for. You did perfectly right;" and having at length succeeded in getting his receipt, amid a host of apologies, he politely bade the humble carriage-maker good-day, and left him to the chagrin that he had mistaken for a cabman the man whose lofty genius had commanded the admiration of the world.

The friend who related the anecdote, asserted that it was a

THE GREAT WORKSHOPS OF AMERICA.—THE TOBACCO MANUFACTORY OF



THE STEAM VAT.



THE TOBACCO STEAMER.



ASSORTING THE LEAF.

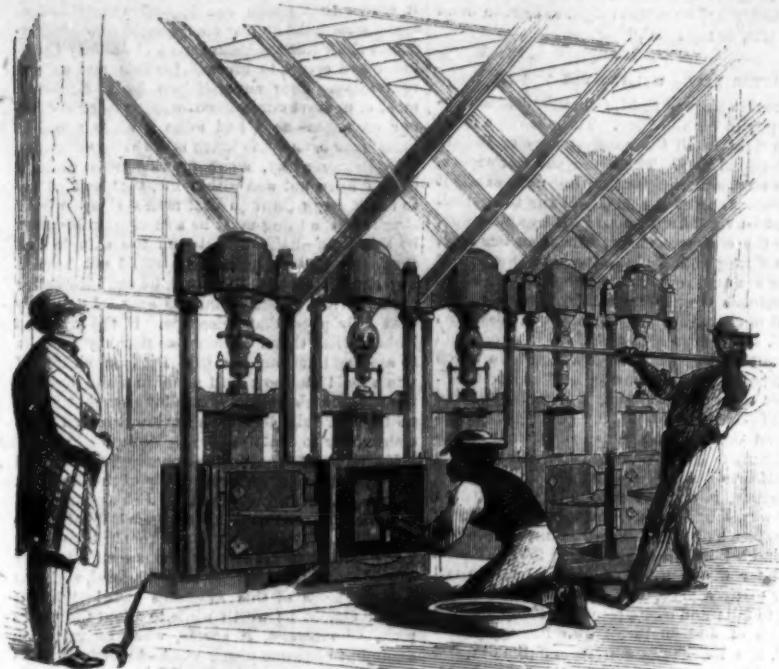


THE LIQUORICK BOILER.

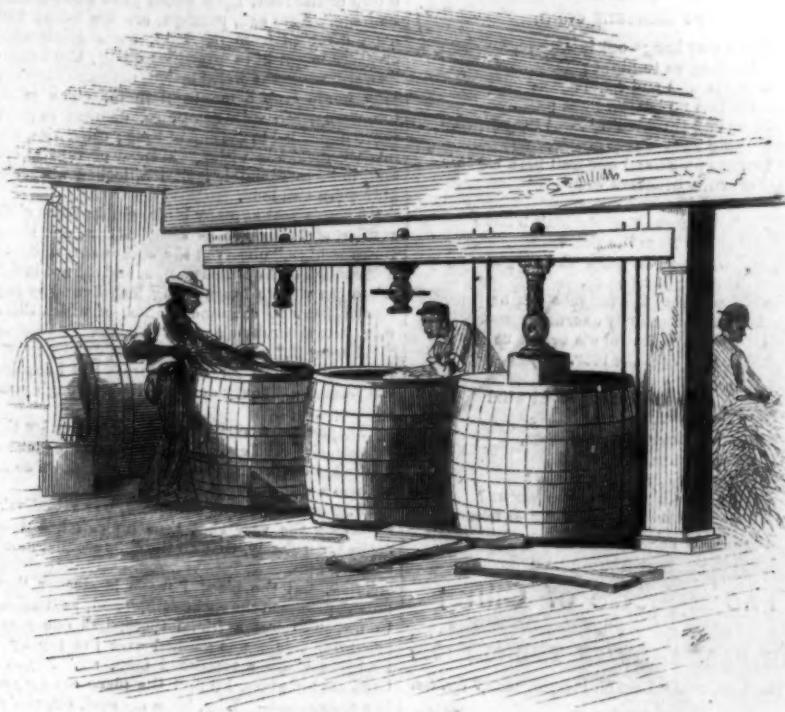


THE SWEAT ROOM.

GEO. A. BURKS, LYNCHBURG, VA.—From Sketches by Our Special Artist, Jas. E. Taylor.



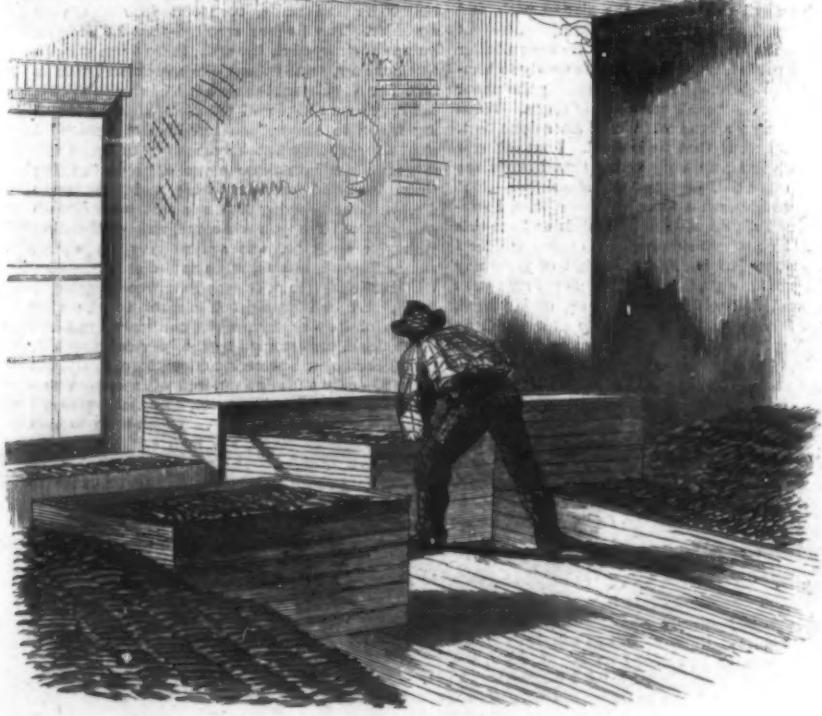
POTS FOR PRESSING AND PACKING.



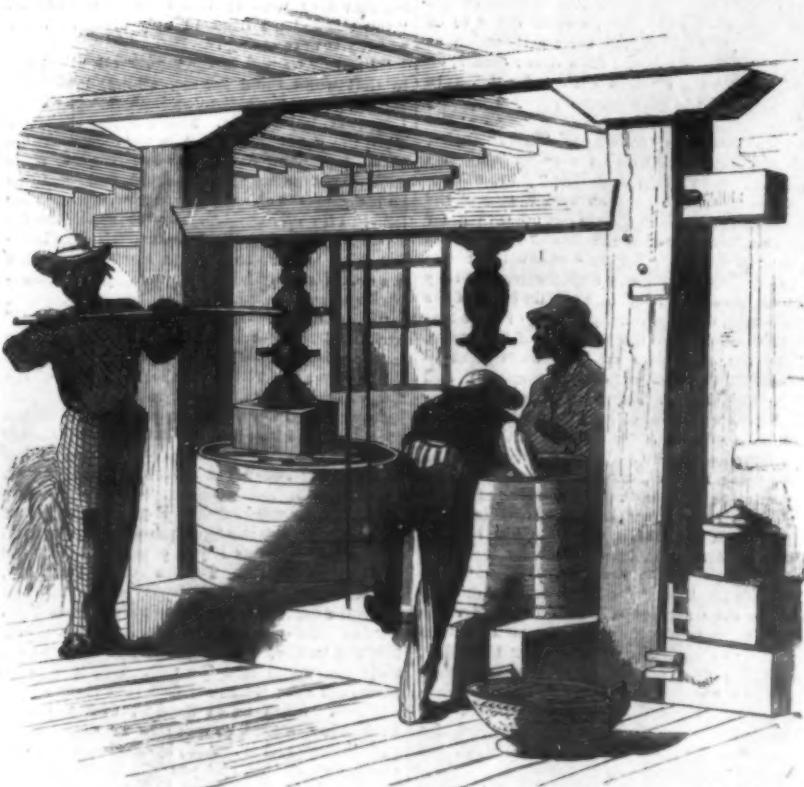
PACKING THE STEMS.



STEMMING AND TWISTING.



THE DRYING ROOM.



FINAL PACKING AND PRESSING THE TWIST.

DARKNESS.

BY MERTLE CONO.

Not a star hangs out in silence,
Guiding us to-night;
O'er the wild and cruel ocean
Gleams no beacon light;
Close and threatening howl the surges,
Singing melancholy dirges,
Death's pale hand our frail bark urges
O'er the breakers white.

Larboard foam Temptation's billows
Howling from the shore,
And we hear Despair's wild surges
Breaking just before.
Cold and gray the heavens o'er us,
And the melancholy chorus
Of the storm that howls before us
Mingles with the roar.

Soon for us the wailing night wind
May be sighing, too,
And the billows kiss our faces,
Staring dumbly through.
Will no ear of mercy hear us?
Will no beacon-light now cheer us?
Gleaming through the darkness near us,
Still Death's hand we view.

The Spectre of Cliffe;

OR,

THE FAIR LADY OF THE SHROUD.

By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XLII.—IN THE CUTTER.

UPON the same morning that the two ladies started on the expedition above described, Mr. Stevens took his departure for the same place in the coast-guard cutter, but several hours earlier. The cutter was on its return to Marmouth, and it was arranged by the lieutenant that his guest should be disembarked in Mermaid Bay, where the Cavern was situated, at near the time of low tide as might be, there to remain until Mrs. Hepburn, or some other person in default of her, acquainted with the short-cut homeward, should join him.

To return to Lucky Bay, or even Sandby, by the cliff-top, was a very long round (including the whole of the walk taken by Mr. Stevens and his victim the previous day); and the sea-passage, of course, was longer still. Moreover, the boat could seldom come near the shore in consequence of the reefs and rocks. The cutter, however, had a fair wind for her voyage, and sped along at a great pace, all on one side, as is the manner of such fast-sailing craft, and showing her very keel to the sun, as a flint shows her ankle. Nor, I regret to say, was Mr. Stevens sea-sick. Upon that churning sea, with its patent double action of toss and roll, where most landmen would have lost both heart and stomach, this gentleman sat as unmoved as though he possessed neither, and swept the land with a telescope lent him by the boatswain.

Was it not well understood that he was there to see the beauties of nature, the conformation of the chalk-cliffs, and the interesting habits of the sea-fowl? The crew had orders to give him the fullest information, and to afford him the best opportunities of observing whatever was most curious. Under these circumstances, they were rather surprised, as they approached the cliffs beneath Marmouth Beacon, which are notoriously the finest on the south coast, that Mr. Stevens seemed to take but little interest in them, and, on the contrary, expressed a wish that the cutter should at that very point make a circuit round the Dutchwoman, an isolated rock of considerable size, but no great beauty.

True, it was peopled by legions of sea-birds, whose proceedings were most varied and extraordinary; some of the whitest, like undergraduates in their surplices, just returned from chapel to an unfinished wine-party, seemed never to be able sufficiently to express their satisfaction as Mr. Stevens and his friend drew near; others, on the contrary, with uplifted beak and wing, gave utterance to the most vigorous protests against such an infringement of the laws of trespass; the island was theirs, they contended, "theirs, theirs, theirs," and even the water within forty fathoms of the place was private property; "it was shameful, it was disgraceful, and no bird worthy of the name of *Larus Marinus* should put up with it for a moment." Some of these feathered sticklers for their rights so grievously exhausted themselves by their deprecatory statements, that they had to retire awhile apart into certain holes of the rock for rest, or to partake, perhaps, of some marine medicament for the recovery of the voice, and in the meantime confined themselves to scrutinizing the strangers with suspicion, and shaking their heads. The young people, who presented the appearance of solid thistledown—little round balls of feathers—exhibited in their tremulous flappers, in their straining necks, and in their gaping mouths, such astonishment as only the young are capable of. The solemn guillotines sat all of a row upon the ledges, coming to no decision upon the matter whatever, but, like the nobles in revolution time, gradually increased by new accessions to their concilium, until the space grew insufficient for them, and the original members were toppled off, croaking feebly. As for the cormorants, they never ceased to take their "sensation headers," one after the other, like patriots who, perceiving their native soil is about to be violated by the foot of the foe, determine that there is nothing for it but suicide.

The foot of no foe, however—not even that of a bird-catcher—had ever been placed upon the brawny shoulders of the Dutchwoman. Sheer and smooth she rose for many a yard from the deep blue sea, before the jutting ledges com-

menced which led, like inverted stairs, to the crown of the rock, upon which grew some scanty herbage. Ages ago, perhaps, ere the island had been divorced from the land, some four-footed creature might have pastured on it; but henceforward, while the world lasted, neither sheep nor kine would crop a mouthful there. The cliffs, too, were green with samphire, doomed to grow there unpicked to the end of time; otherwise, the mighty rock was without a trace of vegetation, and, in its inaccessible isolation, looked unspeakably stern and lone.

"There's just as many birds, sir, in those cliffs yonder, and they are as steep as this, and three times as high," observed the coxswain, who had had enough of the Dutchwoman, and did not much relish the voyage home being lengthened by any more *détours* to examine islands, of which there was quite an archipelago yet to come.

"I know it," replied Mr. Stevens, quietly; "we will keep in shore for the future. But I can see the Beacon cliffs very well from here through your telescope."

"Do you see a very steep place, just under the Beacon, sir—for I can't myself without the glass—where the chalk projects all the way down so as to form a sort of shoot?"

Mr. Stevens, as it so happened, was attentively regarding the very spot thus indicated, but he replied, carelessly, that all the cliffs seemed much alike to him.

"Nay, but the place I mean is steeper than most," persisted the coxswain, "and, as it seems to me, who lost a friend there, like one great gravestone. He was pushed over the top by a smuggler chap—a murdered man, sir. If you'll hand me my glass, I'll find the place out for you in a moment—Why, bless my soul, sir, you've dropped it in the water; it's one of Dolland's best—a fifteen guineas one. Who the devil am I to look to for making it good?"

"To me," returned Mr. Stevens, coolly, producing a well-stuffed leather purse. It was exceedingly careless of me; but that cormorant came up so close to me from his long dive, that he startled me out of my senses. You shall be no loser, my man; and while I am paying my debts, let me add a couple of sovereigns, that my friends here may have the wherewithal to drink my health at Marmouth. I can scarce make myself heard: what an infernal noise and clangor these birds do make!"

"Yes, sir; I am sure, if we could have made them quiet, we should have done it for you, a most liberal gentleman, I'm sure. But they do say the laughing-gulls only give themselves one hour's rest in the twenty-four, and, for my part, I've never had the luck to hit it; and they are just as noisy on the main land as they are here."

"Well, then, let us give 'em a wide berth for the present, for they have fairly dazed me with their clamor," replied the stranger; "the colony does not extend much beyond the Beacon Head, I believe?"

"No, sir; they are very partial in their breeding haunts. If I steer out to sea for the next five minutes, and keep well off the headland, you will be no more annoyed with their chattering. If it wasn't for their young uns, one would think that all gulls was females."

Whether the ear of Mr. Stevens was really so delicate as to suffer from the dissonance of sea-fowl or not, it was clear that he was seriously annoyed by something. He lay back in the stern-sheets, frowning heavily, and without speaking, and ever and anon he shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked back through his fingers, as through a closed visor, at the long white line of cliffs the cutter was fast leaving behind it.

Thus he remained, lost in his own meditations, and only dreamily conscious of where he was, or what people about him were saying, when suddenly the coxswain nudged him:

"Do you see that speck of white, sir, yonder?"

"No, no!" cried Mr. Stevens, leaping to his feet as though he were on dry land, and thereby nearly falling overboard; it's nothing! Keep her out, I say! I beg your pardon," said he, perceiving that they were by this time far out to sea; "you startled me from an ugly dream. What was it you were saying?"

"I merely wanted to draw your attention, sir, to that white thing yonder, gliding under the white cliff; you would scarcely think it to be a boat, I dare say, but it is one. That's Walter Dickson's craft, the cunning thief; it is almost impossible to see her, painted white as she is, when she's sailing between us and the chalk, and yet, since he caught sight of us, look you how she hugs the land! I'll wager she has been to Marmouth for no good. Nobody but a dare-devil chap like Dickson would venture so close in shore, with such a son on. You may take your oath he has contraband goods on board."

"Fire on her! Sink her! Run her down!" exclaimed Mr. Stevens, excitedly. "Why do you let the villain escape?"

"Well, we must keep on the right side of the law, you see. Nobody ought to know that better than you, sir, I fancy—asking your pardon for the liberty—for it strikes me you have worn the anchor buttons: one of ourselves, sir, only a deal higher up the tree," added the coxswain, touching his cap.

"I will bear you harmless if you will stop that boat," replied the stranger, passionately. "I will give you fifty pounds if you catch her before she rounds the headland. Put the helm about, I say, and cut her off."

But the coxswain made no inclination to obey.

"Lor bless you, sir, we'd be glad to do it for half the money, and, indeed for nothing at all, since you would take the risk. But it ain't no manner of use; the Sancy Ball runs three feet to our two. She'll be at Sandby, with the wind against her, a'most as quick as we were coming with the ebb and all. And, by-the-by, the tide is on the turn by this, and you will have less time, since we have steered out so far, for seeing the Mermaid's Cavern than you had calculated upon.

However, we'll land you just below the point there, and we shall come in view of the bay in a very few minutes. 'Tis the prettiest sight to be seen in all these parts, to my mind."

CHAPTER XLIV.—WAITING FOR THE PREY.

The coxswain was right, although not particularly happy in his adjective. There is not a more glorious sight in all the coast-scenery of Britain than Mermaid Bay. There are grander scenes, perhaps scenes more beautiful, but none excels it for a combination of the beautiful and the grand. It cannot be viewed from above to any advantage, because the cliffs are sheer, except in one spot, where a zigzag path leads to the lofty Down; but from the sea and from the beach it is beheld under circumstances equally favorable, though totally different in character. Approaching the bay from seaward, as in the present case, a crescent of chalk cliffs formed the background of a picture in which everything for that reason stood out as if in relief. Immense masses of outlying fragments still bid defiance to the waves, which furiously beat against them, and then, as if maddened by their resistance, thundered, white-lipped, on, and wore the cliff itself into a hundred caverns. At one point in particular, it seemed as though the charging host of waves had used some strategy, whereby the precipice had been pierced in more than one place, and a junction of its watery foes had been effected, far within it. Sooner or later, the tall cliff, for many a yard, was doomed, thus undermined, to fall; and on its face, the oblique layers and rows of flint—nature's own hieroglyphic—showed, like Belshazzar's warning. Small use it was to set those mighty warders, clothed in white, to break the advancing columns, when with every tide the enemy forced its way into the very heart of the citadel, and sapped the lessening pillars at their base, and tore the weakened walls.

The outlook from the extremity of this natural excavation was beautiful exceedingly. Left and right the light streamed in under rugged archways, each making a framework for the picture of the sparkling bay. In the one, the waste of waters stretched unbroken till it met the sky; in the other, a line of jagged cliffs, about two furlongs from the land, rose sheer as an iceberg, and pierc'd, like it, in weird and fantastic forms. But what was to be seen within the cavern itself was even still more curious and beautiful, for the sunrays, broken and intersected by a thousand shadows, shone upon walls of rainbow hues, such as no colorist could rival; panelings of the brown barnacle, 'picked out' with scarlet and yellow sponges, and dotted as the firmament with stars by innumerable sea-anemones of richest tint. Amethyst and ruby, garnet and emerald, all were there, standing out like bosses on a shield; but, instead of being a stone, each was a soft and yielding substance, fresh as a flower, and bright with a brightness that only life itself can yield. The ceiling of this treasure-house of nature was equally gorgeous; but the floor was of softest sand, and doubtless often printed by the twinkling feet of the sea-fairies, after whom the place was named the "Mermaid's Cavern."

A few times only in the year, at very low spring tides, were mortals admitted within this exquisite chamber, and then only for a very little while. Summer and winter, day and night, its beauties were hidden beneath the unconscious wave, to which, nevertheless, they owed their brightness and their bloom, but gladdening who shall say what eye?

Even on this occasion, the most opportune in all the year, there were but two hours between the time that the last reluctant wave left the silver fringe of the floor of the cave and when the first notes of the great ocean organ should again begin to haunt its echoing walls; and as the keel of the cutter clove the yielding sand to land its passenger:

"If you stay with the mermaids, sir, beyond an hour and twenty minutes," was the coxswain's warning, "you will not leave their company without wet feet."

Then one leaped into the sea, and pushing the boat into deep water, climbed himself within it, and the sail filled once more, and lessened, and was lost, as the man Stevens watched it from the land.

With an evil glance up at the zigzag path, and a smothered oath at woman's tardiness, he sat down on the narrow beach, and drawing a letter from his pocket, read the contents slowly to himself. "She's wrong," he said, slapping the paper with his hand—"she's quite wrong there. When you have made sure of R. Well, I have done that. It cannot be but that he is dead. I myself saw his dying look; an ugly sight, that haunts me still. I was a fool just now for showing—It must have been what folks call conscience, I suppose; but I did see it—saw it as plain as I see this letter. I must get rid of all such nonsense, for I have a worse job in hand than that of yesterday. When you have made sure of R., do not risk more at present. M. will be useful to us, and, indeed, almost indispensable. I can only calm R. C. by promising that she shall still be his; as, indeed, she may be, if all goes well. He is obstinate as a mule, and mad as the maddest, unless this lure is dangled before his eyes. Again, I say, do not risk more with M.; and as for the child, it will be invaluable. We will find means to bring it hither, and then its foolish mother will follow, I warrant, as a dam follows its lamb. Do not think me a milksop, nor that I forget my debts and yours; they will be paid all in time. But again, I say, when you have made sure of R., risk nothing more at present. I do risk nothing," soliloquized Gideon Carr, impatiently. "This business I have now in hand is a certainty. Never again is it possible that such an opportunity will occur for killing both birds with one stone. Rupert Clifford will then be left without kith or kin. Mad as the maddest, she says—I doubt it not; but I think I know a way to persuade even madmen to do what I will. If his fingers have joints in them, they shall write the

words I dictate; or, at all events, sign his name in the right place on the parchment. How strange it seems that Grace and I, who have made so many sane folks appear mad, should now be striving to show this madman sane! I daresay Clement takes credit to himself for this, and calls it reparation. Poor superstitious fool! However, most of us have our hours of weakness, or at least our moments—as I had mine a while ago. It must have been some touch of—what do they call it? Remorse; ay, some mawkishness which I myself knew not was within me, that caused me to think I saw through that man's glass—what?—phew! the thing must be a score of miles away by this time—half-way between the shingle and the foam; just as he said he would not have it be; of all fates, that the worst, he said—to welter on, unburied, in the boundless seas. I am sorry that I dropped that telescope. If the man had looked, what then? There was nothing for him to see; and nothing for that Dickson, either. I was a fool! and now am I a fool to stand here on the open beach, and let you fellows see that I care nothing for this Mermaid's Cavern, which I have come so far to explore."

He walked to the nearest opening, and looked in. "A dainty place for any lady of the land, not being a mermaid," muttered he, with a grim-smile, "to die in. What a soft silver couch! What splendid hangings, and how rich the roof! Somewhat low, i' faith, but else how could one see the jewels? Would they were precious stones indeed, and that I alone knew of this Aladdin's cave! Why, it would almost be worth while to adopt Clement's plan, who means, it seems, when he gets rich enough, to become pious, good—to make investments in the way of charity which may repay him in the other world. Methinks the interest should be high indeed, where the security is so problematical. Why does not this woman come? She will come, I feel certain; that fictitious message from her husband, reminding her not to fail, was an excellent thought; she is a good wife, and she will come." He paused a little, then broke forth, as if in a passion: "Why should she have thrust herself between my ends and me? Why have refused the man we chose for her? Why married him, of all men in the world most hateful to us? True, she is our niece; but, for that very reason, should have done our bidding. No, curse her; she shall die! Will she bring the child herself, I wonder, or will there be the nursemaid? Or will that woman, the Lieutenant's wife, who is now staying at her house, come with her?—that slow-speaking, demure hostess of mine, who, I can well see, entertains no favor for Mr. Stevens. I trust she may. There is room for all three to drown in here—the tide will choke a dozen as easily as one. It is a question of five minutes, more or less, with anybody; that is all. Mildred is tallest, and will be the survivor of her child and friend. Ah! what fine crabs are here. Why, there's not a stone but roofs its tenant. That's what they talked of in the cutter, as we came along; but I was thinking—I mean I was playing the fool. Well, these side-long gentry will have some pretty pickings ere the day is out. How late their guests are, who will also be their suppers! They will scarcely arrive here dry-shod. If they see me standing without, that will be an excuse for them not to enter. They will merely beckon me up the cliff, and beckoning will not serve my turn; therefore, I shall stay within here. Come, Mr. Crab, thou art so very large, that I have a desire to kill thee."

This he said as one of the creatures stretched a mailed arm from under a huge rock (for with great rocks, bearded with trailing weed, the sand was strewn), and then withdrew it suddenly, as though its hard projecting eye had seen some danger. "Come, friend, come out of thy hole."

He laid his strong hands on the rock and strove with might and main to turn it over; but it did but move in its damp setting a hair's-breadth. Thus foiled in his first plan, and angry at being foiled, Gideon Carr made another attempt to gain his end. He knelt down, and scratched the sand away with both his hands, as a terrier scratches at the burrow of a rabbit; but when he had made a considerable hole, he desisted, "for," muttered he, "she will take it for a grave, perchance, as, indeed, it looks like one. But, nevertheless, this crab will I have." The hole was small, but he bared his brawny arm, and lying down into the hollow he had made, thrust it into the very shoulder. The fingers reached that he sought, but, as he grasped it, the crab, in its turn, with its toothed claw, seized them like a racking vice in one. For one instant the man felt faint with agony, but rage soon conquered pain. "When I get out, my friend in armor," muttered he, "although I shall have no time to take you home to boil, I will drive wedges into these claws of yours (a thing which I am told you do not like), and leave you to die, without supping like the rest upon certain dainty fare. Yes, you will come, notwithstanding that you struggle, and are so very large and strong." And, indeed, huge as the creature was, the giant strength of Gideon Carr was dragging it forth, and had brought it almost to the very mouth of its dwelling, when suddenly the huge stone itself, undermined by the previous digging, and shaken by the present contest, toppled and fell forward—only a few inches, but within them was included Gideon's naked wrist, on which it pressed like a new world on Atlas. Taken even at this frightful disadvantage, the man could still, perhaps, have wrenched out his maimed limb, but for the tenacity of the crab, which held on to him more resolutely than ever; his closed fist forming with the creature itself a sort of solid knot, which it was impossible to withdraw through the now narrowed aperture.

For the first time in his long life—in view, at least, of any material danger—the damp of fear gathered upon the brow of Gideon Carr. The frightful thought, What if this creature holds me till the tide comes up and drowns me! sped with a sharp agony through his brain. But, straightway, he became himself again—resolute, indomitable, calm. Without motion—for was not every moment

now a loss of priceless strength?—he lay, calculating his chances. She would surely come, this Mildred for whom he had been waiting long, but not until now, impatiently. He had felt quite certain of her coming, a minute ago, or so, when he was free and out of all danger; then, why should he doubt now? His own misadventure could not have altered her plans. No; she must needs come. He would set her to dig at the sand about his wrist, and then, when he was loose—yes, he would drown her still. He was not like Clement to cry: "Ye powers of good, if ye will help me now, I will henceforth serve you." Why, was it not through this woman's tardiness—curse her!—that he was now lying humbled and racked with pain. There was no bone, however, broken—he knew that; nothing to prevent his swimming away when the time came. But suppose she could not free him with all her efforts. Then he would hold her there, and they should drown together. Ay, but they should. There should be no lying stories of righteous retribution, forsooth, told about Gideon Carr. As he had lived, implacable, unbelieving, defiant, so would he—But, pahaw! why think of death? He should not, could not die! Were all his mighty plans for the future to be shattered by a paltry creature that was sold in the market for sixpence! Was Cliffe Hall to be plucked from his grasp for ever, and tens of thousands of pounds to be lost—for if he did not get them, were they not lost?—and thirst for vengeance not to be slaked, after all, but only whetted? For what was Raymond's death? He had written to Grace last night: *The first step of the road you think so perilous has been taken. R. C. is gone. The first step!* And was it, could it be fated that he was not to take a second? Fated? that word, though unformed by his lips, sent a tremor throughout his frame. What had the fool Raymond meant in his last agony by saying that he saw the winding-sheet bound high about him, the token of black doom immediately impending? Doubtless, a last malicious effort to give him dis-comfort—that was all. Ha! the rustling of a dress, and that of more than one! They are coming at last; the more the better, for the time is getting short, and the—Gideon Carr did not conclude the thought, but, groaning, passed his disengaged arm for the second time across his forehead. It was no rustle of a dress which he had heard, but the echo of the first abating wave as it swept the sandy threshold of the Mermaid's Cavern; yes, that herald of the rising spring-tide had given its fatal warning. By that he knew, although he could not turn to see it, that the rim of beach was now no longer visible. Then, for a moment, his iron heart gave way, and a shrill scream of terror broke from his laboring lungs. Such a sound—the inarticulate confession of defeat—they had never sent forth before, and even now he did not appeal to heaven, nor yet to man.

The coast-guardmen, sitting lazily upon the cliff above, were startled by it, and looked out sharply for the strange sea-bird who had uttered so harsh a note; and Mrs. Hepburn heard it on the Down beyond, and asked her friend what sound it was, who told her it was but the west wind. If he had repeated it—but no voice could have framed a second time a cry so terrible, the concentrated anguish of a hopeless heart—perhaps help might have come. No woman could possibly have released him from his position, but the strong arm of Robert Andrews might have done it. Even as it was, unaided, this imprisoned wretch, made frenzied by his peril, heaved up the rock by a tremendous effort some quarter of an inch, so that he saw the creature that was his jailer. Then back the mighty mass sunk down, and pinioned him as closely as before.

And now, when he knew that his own efforts must be unavailing, a curious change came over him; he had never—that is to say, within the last ten minutes, in which his whole life seemed to have been comprised—he had never felt so confident of rescue. Mildred would come, of course, and seeing the tide up, would conclude that an accident had occurred—that he had had a fit, or sprained an ankle, and would hasten down at once, for what was getting her feet wet in comparison with saving a fellow-creature's life? That was the way the woman would reason; doubtless, she must be positively certain he was *there*. She must have seen the cutter that brought him past by Sandby. Where else could he be? And had not her husband told her—Once more the guilty wretch shuddered from head to heel, for as his thoughts touched on Raymond, an icy hand was laid upon his limbs, as though a corpse had clasped them. Up, up it crept, and with it a stealthy sound. The tide had reached his feet, and higher yet. Though the floor of the cavern sloped upward, his very mouth was only a little higher than his feet, as there he lay; nay, the hollow of the sand which his own hands had dug, would cause him to drown more quickly. He had said that it looked like a grave, but never dreamed that his own form would fill it. He had jested of a few inches more or less making all the difference as to the survivorship in such a case as this, and now thus prostrate, he was doomed to drown sooner than any child of one year old. He remarked for the first time that the cavern was growing dark, and that a greenish tinge was mixed with what light there was; and turning as well as he could, he saw the two approaches to the place half filled with the rising tide, and only a jagged crescent of blue sky above it. Even while he looked, a tall, white-crested wave hissed in, and swept him to the very neck, and dashed his face with spray. The freshness of the foam seemed to revive him; and with a gleam of hope in his worn and anguished face, but with a cruel look upon it, too, even though the coming pain was to be his own, he drew forth a clasp-knife from his pocket; then dragging it open with his teeth, he began to saw the blade against the sinews of his captive wrist. He would escape still, ay, that he would. What was a hand more or less compared with life? If he had but thought of this a little earlier; but even now it

was not too late. A mighty wave here whelmed him from foot to head. "Too late, too late!" it echoed, thundering in. "Too late, too late!" the screaming beach replied, dragged down by its return. Blinded by the salt water, Gideon could not find the place to aim at, but like an inexperienced woodman, cut and hacked the limb at random. Then another wave swept in, and roamed about the cave at leisure, and fell back upon him from the splendid roof and wall; and then another, and another, thundering Doom!

CHAPTER XIV.—DESOLATE.

"How shall I tell Raymond, when he comes home?" was the thought which now occupied poor Mildred's mind, whenever it was not dwelling upon her lost Millie's fate. "How shall I find words to let him know that we are desolate, nay, worse than desolate, for that is what we say when Death has snatched our darlings only to give them to God!"

The agony of the mother was the more insupportable, since she was forced to remain inactive—since nothing could be done, save what already had been done. She could not take coach to Cliffe, and cry to the wolfish woman there: "You have stolen my lamb."

Well convinced as she was that such was the case, she had not a particle of proof to support the accusation. It was useless to inform the police of the true state of the case, since that would enable them to take no further steps at present. When the actual stealer of the child should be tracked and secured, then, indeed, some blow might be struck at her who had set him on. But, at present, there was nothing for it but to wait and weep. Perhaps, when Raymond came, he might suggest some course of action, and yet the terror of having to tell him, "Our Millie is stolen," so weighed down her soul, that she scarce wished him back. It would have almost been a relief to her, in her lonely anguish, if he had sent a messenger from Marmouth to say: "My business keeps me here awhile." In the interim, perhaps, the robber might be captured, the child restored; or Aunt Grace herself might relent. No, that was impossible. Even if she could have heard of her niece's agony, of the desolation she had wrought in hearth and heart, of the utter wreck of that humble little household, which she had effected as by the lightning's stroke, no touch of pity would have moved her; of that Mildred was sure as of her loss itself. Hope she felt still; on which, indeed, alone she fed, through which alone she lived, and did not wither suddenly, like a flower beneath the pall of the first snow—but not in her aunt's mercy. No, it was the thought of that hard, vengeful woman, which, more than all, made her dread her husband's coming. But when Raymond did not come, nor any messenger to tell her wherefore, and the third evening of his absence was thickening into night, then she began to feel that the uttermost depths of wretchedness had not been sounded even yet.

Terrible, indeed, are the weapons which God sometimes uses, or, in His inexplicable wisdom, suffers to be used against His creatures for their good. Inexhaustible is the armory of His tremendous will. "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be His name," is a wise saying; but let no human mourner venture to add—He can now take away no more; He has done His worst, or what seems to be His worst, when in truth all is good.

The arrows of His wrath have darkened our sun, but the night of our sorrow has still, perhaps, some moon of comfort. What, then, if the flight of His chastening darts continue yet, and darken & also, until all indeed is night! The shield of Resignation is sometimes raised in vain—or what seems in vain, to our poor, impatient, ignorant, fretful spirit, with its "How long, how long?"—and, smitten through and through, we lie prostrate in the dust, and still are smitten. Then, what was sorrow before becomes almost joy by contrast with the more dismal present, as one who, from inner gloom, looks forth on some late-traversed dusky way, and wonders how, with those glimmering stars above it, it ever could have seemed so dark.

Thus, no sooner did the shadow of her coming widowhood begin to steal over poor child-bereft Mildred, than all her former woes seemed almost light; she no longer feared her husband's arrival, but waited for it eagerly, and at first hopefully; then yearned for it as never bride longed for bridegroom; then prayed for it, as for some blessed boon, almost beyond the power of Heaven to grant; and still her husband came not. Mildred had heard from Mrs. Carey of the frightful fate of the man Stevens; of how one of the Sandby fishermen had gone to the Mermaid's Cave for crabs at the next low tide, and found the drowned man still imprisoned, like another Milo, by the pitiless stone, with his wrist half cut through, and the knife still clasped in his other hand. Directly she heard the news, a shudder had run through her frame, not upon his account alone who had thus perished, but because she also seemed to see a retribution in it, for some crime at present undiscovered—the finger of the Avenger pointing to another fatal catastrophe, in which Raymond's own life might be involved. And when, after a little, news arrived that he had never reached Marmouth, never got to the end of the journey begun with his dread companion, then, indeed—her husband murdered and her helpless child in the power of her bitterest foe—it seemed that there was no new sorrow, as no joy, left in the world for Mildred. In vain Mrs. Carey besought her to leave her desolate home and remove to "Lucky Bay," out of reach of further hurt.

"No," answered she, with bitterness, "lost my slain Raymond's spirit, wandering hither, should seek for me in vain; or lest, when Grace deems it time to smite, that of my murdered Millie should return, and wait for me about the desolate

home, which is the only one she knew. While, as to further hurt, my friend," continued she, "I would thank this aunt of mine to send and stay me, as the most welcome revenge she can take."

If friendship and genuine sympathy could have mitigated such woes as Mildred's, there were many who would have gladly helped to bear them. Coast-guard and smugglers, for the first time, united in a common object—in striving to bring her comfort. If the stealer of her child had fallen into the hands of either party, it would have gone hard with him, indeed. The lieutenant was quite a changed man; all merriment and good-nature had left his eyes. Like a knight-errant under a vow of vengeance, who abjures feast and tourney, and even puts in abeyance his fealty to his own sovereign lady, so did Lieutenant Carey forsake pipe and glass, and even his duty to his fair mistress, the Revenue, and secured the country night and day, and by land and sea, in Mrs. Hepburn's cause. Every yard of cliff, and particularly the Beacon Cliff, about which suspicions had been excited by Stevens's behavior in the cutter, was examined by his own eyes, from his own boat. Every foot of ground traversed by Raymond along the downland on that fatal day was gone over with the carefulness of a sleuth-hound. His men, too, whose hearts had been won by Raymond's generosity and friendly bearing, worked in the same cause with a will. Nor, as I have said, were the free-traders backward in showing their sympathy for the widowed and childless lady, although they evinced it in a very strange manner.

They would not permit the body of Stevens to lie by the side of their own dead in the little chuchyard. In vain were they told that they had no right to charge the poor wretch with a crime which it was not even proved had been committed at all. In vain was the drowned man interred with all decency by clergyman and clerk. They dug him up, again and again, and cast his dismored limbs upon the wayside stones, until it was found necessary to remove them to a distant locality. Walter Dickson, whose boat had visited the Beacon Cliffs so immediately after Stevens had exhibited such an inexplicable dread of them, had come up himself to Pampas Cottage, and assured poor Mildred, with a profusion of the strongest expressions in his vocabulary, that it was out of possibility that any person could have been pushed over the cliff in that part, without leaving, to a practiced eye like his (to which, moreover, the place was known as well as the palm of his own hand), some traces of his fall. The evident desire of the man to give some comfort, so moved Mrs. Carey, who was present, that she rose up and shook both the free-trader's hands. "But you see it is no use, my man," she whispered, pointing to Mildred's hopeless face; "and even if you could give her hope, it would be a mistaken kindness. Nevertheless, I owe you a good turn for this, Walter Dickson, and will repay it you, if it should ever be in my power."

"Bless your kind, honest 'face,'" returned the smuggler, with a curious sort of struggle in his own weather-beaten features. "If ever a coast-guardman does go to heaven, it will be your husband, who has got an angel for his wife, to show him the way. Perhaps it is as you say, and nothing as I can tell this poor lady can do her good; but if she was to take the good Book to my old woman this evening, as she has often done afore, who is down and abed with the rheumatics, and nothing to think upon except the boys we lost at sea, older than this poor child (whom, please God, we shall see again), and, therefore, worse to part with, she might, maybe, forget for a little this sad trouble of her own in—There, if she ain't gone to put on her bonnet and shawl already! We won't keep her from your company—that is, my old woman won't—not half an hour. She'll read, it is likely, just a chapter out of Job—something as teaches folk to put up with everything; although Job, I warrant—and saving your presence, Mrs. Carey—never knew what it was to be troubled with the Excise."

Whether it was the act of a good Catholic to read the sacred volume in the vulgar tongue to a female heretic, deservedly suffering from the rheumatics, was a question with which, I fear, Mildred Clifford did not concern herself, although she was, probably, the first of her name who had ever committed mortal sin in that particular. Perhaps the Church forgave her, in consideration of her ignorance and her good intentions; but, certainly, upon her return—which did not take place nearly so soon as Mr. Walter Dickson had specified—she did not present the appearance of one who had incurred grave spiritual penalties. On the contrary, the consolation which she had administered she also seemed to have partaken of, and that so largely that Mrs. Carey could not restrain an ejaculation of joyful surprise. "You have heard some good news, dear Mildred; I am sure you have," exclaimed she, excitedly.

"I have nothing new to tell you, Marion, but only the corroboration of something you said the other day, but which I, Heaven forgive me! was too hard of heart to acknowledge. You told me then that God was never thanked in vain. Within these few minutes I have found, my friend, that that is a true saying; but please do not ask me any questions."

SEA-BIRDS.—The question is often asked, Where do sea-birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst? but we have never seen it satisfactorily answered till a few days ago. An old skipper, with whom we were conversing on the subject, said that he had frequently seen these birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them with water, hovering round and under a storm-cloud, clustering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will small a rain-quall a hundred miles, or even further off, and send for it with almost inconceivable swiftness. How long sea-birds can exist without water is only a matter of conjecture; but probably their powers of enduring thirst are increased by habit; and, possibly, they can go without it for many days, if not for several weeks.

HOW AN ILLUSTRATED PAPER IS MADE.

(From the *Evening Post*.)

AMONG the marvelous developments of American skill and enterprise during the past decade, none has been more notable than that exemplified in the history and growth of illustrated papers and periodicals. Among the enterprises of this nature we have chosen to-day to allude especially to that which has grown into mammoth proportions under the sole direction of Mr. Frank Leslie, whose various publications are known throughout the land. Their readers will be interested to know how the great events and minor incidents of the past war have been made familiar and real to them, and now, in these peace times, all remarkable occurrences, distinguished or notorious personages and notable places, are so promptly and vividly portrayed for them.

For this purpose we have recently visited the large establishment which has subsidized so much and such a variety of talent, and which in itself is such an illustration of American enterprise. Commencing at the private office of Mr. Leslie, we are shown specimens of the pictorial papers of ten or twelve years ago, when—with excellent plates—the processes of printing were crude and defective compared with those at present in use. Mr. Leslie, it should be said, has been a pioneer in the business, and has been among the foremost in introducing the various improvements which have been made in it.

After examining the successive improvements made by Mr. Leslie, as shown by his files, we took a look at the sketches from which the cuts are engraved. These were from all parts of the country, some from well-known artists, and many by amateurs of more than ordinary skill.

During the war more than fifteen artists were continuously employed, whose sketches were received regularly every morning. Five hundred of these sketches were presented by Mr. Leslie to the Sanitary Fair.

Passing to the department where the engravers work, we first noticed the manner in which the blocks were engraved. Formerly a single block of wood was used, but this was a slow process, and entirely unsuited for the demands of a pictorial that would represent current events promptly. Instead of this, several small blocks are now skilfully joined together, upon which the drawing is made. They are then taken apart and each piece is given to a different engraver. We saw one block made of thirty-six pieces, and which cost \$100. The wood is procured from Philadelphia.

Besides the large number of artists whose sketches are occasionally received, Mr. Leslie employs regularly over forty engravers and twelve artists to put the sketches on the blocks. His weekly bill for engraving alone amounts to over two thousand dollars. His establishment has, in fact, been a sort of school for artists. Many who have now a national reputation were once employed by him in subordinate situations.

There are some now in the establishment who have gradually risen from humble positions to occupy the first and best paid places. The sketches of some of these, published in the *Chimney Corner*, show a great degree of perfection.

After the drawings are finished they are taken to the superintendent of this department, who decides which shall be engraved in the establishment. At first the rejected ones were very numerous, as there were but a few good artists in the city. Now, however, the establishment of Mr. Leslie alone has at its service a large corps of able artists. The excellence of their work is not fully realized by the public, however, as the present exorbitant prices of paper preclude the use of the quality Mr. Leslie would desire to have for his publications. One secret of his success in securing subordinates is due to the fact that he makes few changes in his establishment. We saw many persons who had been with him for twelve years. He had formerly to give the strictest personal attention to all the details of his business, but by the introduction of numerous improvements, and by the training of competent subordinates, he has in a measure freed himself from this degree of care.

One of the most interesting features of the establishment is the room where photographs are taken in wood. The difficulties to be overcome in doing this were very great, as the boxwood used absorbs like a sponge, and it was seemingly impossible to wash off the silver without warping the wood. There were other equally serious obstacles, which have been all overcome, so that now we have wood-cuts from photographs which are remarkable for their life-like fidelity.

Descending to the press-room, which is unusually large, light and pleasant, we are shown the various kinds of presses used in the printing of Mr. Leslie's numerous publications. These have been all made under his express direction, one of them—just imported from London—having the capacity to print three thousand copies per hour. There are four double and twelve single presses, and forty thousand dollars' worth of paper in this room. In the folding-room is a machine that folds three thousand papers per hour.

One of the greatest difficulties Mr. Leslie had to contend with arose from the fact that he could not procure the right quality of printing ink. At first he tried imported inks, but these failed. He then energetically set to work to manufacture for himself, and was rewarded by success in making an article of the required quality.

In so extensive an establishment, where so many different papers are prepared and published, there must, of course, be the utmost degree of order and system, and this we found in a remarkable degree. In each of the several editorial departments, and in the various business and mechanical departments, we found admirable organization and subdivision of labor, the head of each being responsible for his special work. The amount of business transacted can be estimated, when we say that the receipts of the establishment are nearly one million dollars a year. The circulation of Leslie's papers and periodicals is enormous. If they were cut in strips one yard wide—according to his estimate—one issue of them would reach from New York, by way of Philadelphia and Baltimore, to Frederickburgh, Virginia. Mr. Leslie is the publisher and proprietor of eight illustrated periodicals, viz.: *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, *Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner*, *Frank Leslie's Illustrirte Zeitung* (German), *Frank Leslie's Ilustracion Americana* (Spanish), *Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine*, *Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hours*, *Frank Leslie's Children's Friend*, *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun*, together with the following four almanacs: *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Almanac*, *Frank Leslie's Lady's Almanac*, *Frank Leslie's Comic Almanac*, *Frank Leslie's New England Almanac*. These are all conducted by one man, who has never had a partner, and has gradually risen from being the possessor of a thousand dollars capital to the exclusive control and ownership of this great publishing establishment, a deserved reward of unflattering enterprise, skill and good management. Among the publications we have named, the *Illustrated News* has been the longest and most extensively known, but others bid fair to equal it in popularity. The *Chimney Corner*, especially, has been a great success. On the thirtyninth week of its publication it reached an unprecedented circulation of one hundred and forty thousand copies. The other publications have been also, without exception, very successful.

It has been a mystery to some how Mr. Leslie supplies the great Western demand. He has established a branch house in Chicago, where the *Chimney Corner* is printed from duplicate plates, under the superintendence of his son, from paper manufactured in that vicinity.

The secret of Mr. Leslie's success may be summed up in a single line—he understands every branch of his business—being at once artist and engraver, and the first who has brought to perfection the art of printing wood-cuts by steam-power in this country.



NATURAL BRIDGE OVER CAYOTE CREEK, CALAVERAS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

NATURAL BRIDGE IN CALIFORNIA.

NATURE has shown her most sportive moods in the land of gold. Such variety and supplies of minerals, such gigantic trees, such stupendous waterfalls, such sublime scenery, are found in no other part of the world. Verily, it is a land of wonders. On this page we give two illustrations of a remarkable natural bridge over the Cayote Creek, in Calaveras county. Approaching it from the east, along the stream, the entrance beneath presents the appearance of a noble Gothic arch of massive stone-work, thirty-two feet in height above the water, and twenty-five feet in width at the abutments; while the rock and earth above, supported by the arch, are thirty or more feet in thickness, and overgrown to some extent with trees and shrubbery.

Passing under the bridge, the walls extend upward to an almost perfectly-formed and pointed arch, and maintaining their width and elevation, but with here and there an irregularity, serving to heighten the interest of the beautiful scene presented. Along the roof hang innumerable stalactites, like opaque icicles, but solid as the marble of which they are formed. As we advance, the width of the arch increases to forty feet, and its height to fifty feet, and the spacious roof resembles an immense cathedral, with its vaulted arches and numberless columns, with here and there a jutting portion, as though an attempt had been made to rough-hew an altar and corridor, with massive steps; while stalactites, springing from the bottom and sides, appear like waxen candles ready to be lighted. Approaching the lower side of this immense arch, its form becomes materially changed, increasing in width; while the roof, becoming more flattened, is brought down to within five feet of the water of the creek. The entire distance through this vast natural bridge is about three hundred feet.

**MESSRS. BLUNT & NICHOLS'S
Nautical Instrument Establishment.**

THESE are many places of interest in this city which, making little show or pretension, are passed

by without notice, though they contribute largely to the importance of the metropolis. We were forcibly reminded of this fact the other day by a call at the Nautical Instrument Establishment of Messrs. Blunt & Nichols, the saleroom of which we illustrate on this page. It was commenced by Mr. Blunt's grandfather, in 1797, and located in its present position in 1838, where it has grown into one of the largest and most perfect of the kind in the country.

As we entered the large saleroom, we were struck with the variety and perfection of the instruments displayed. Night and field-glasses, of exquisite finish and unerring accuracy, were temptingly arranged in handsome cases, awaiting the inspection of visitors and purchasers; while the array of marine chronometers and fine watches strongly inclined us to turn burglar and become the possessor of an unvarying timepiece. And these are not imported, but manufactured in the establishment, and, in point of beauty and accuracy, are unsurpassed. No "Jurgensen," or "Cooper," or "Tobias" watch can excel those turned out here; while those who pride themselves on encouraging home manufactures can have their wants supplied by Messrs. Blunt & Nichols with an American article that will never fail to give entire satisfaction, for every instrument is inspected by one of the firm, and warranted perfect.

The graduation of instruments was formerly a most difficult process, which could be done only in Europe. To overcome this difficulty, Mr. Blunt constructed a most ingenious and complete dividing engine, the largest in the country, except the one in the United States Coast Survey Office, by which scales and verniers are marked with the nicest accuracy. This machine is automatic, thus avoiding all possibility of mistake.

The firm likewise manufacture every description of astronomical and surveying instruments, together with drafting-tools and everything used by the surveyor. Their marine charts have gained so high a reputation for neatness and accuracy, and are printed with so much care, that they have

become as familiar with navigators as household words, and their facilities for furnishing them are unsurpassed. As to the "Coast Pilot" and "Bowditch," comment is unnecessary.

Every instrument and article offered for sale by Messrs. Blunt & Nichols is manufactured in their own establishment and under their direct supervision; and while they maintain the reputation for good workmanship which the house has long enjoyed, by availing themselves of all modern improvements, they are able to meet the demands of the public and to extend their business and fame. As a gratifying evidence of the magnitude of their operations, we may state that they employ about fifty men in the various branches of their manufacture.

THE GALLERY OF A LONDON THEATRE.

A WRITER on London life thus describes his youthful experience at the theatre, when his limited funds would afford him admission only to the gallery:

"When I first entered, I found men and boys lying at full length on the front seats, and displaying the selfishness of human nature in the most violent manner. When, however, the excitement had subsided, and the whole mass had settled

AN ORISSA BRAHMIN.

The Brahmin priests of India embrace the highest caste, and consider themselves a superior race of beings. The undisputed exercise of authority, and the respect shown to their official character, have rendered them exceedingly arrogant and bigoted. The illustration shows one of these Brahmins offering his devotion to the sun, which, in India, is an object of worship. Many of these men are well educated, and being fond of disputation, they hold long and able arguments with the missionaries, who have endeavored to teach them the truths of Christianity. As a class, they are superstitious, and generally averse to any changes in their belief and forms of worship, though the influence of European civilization is gradually molding their social and religious system into a modern type.

THE DOG AND THE PIES.

The almost marvelous extent to which the sagacity of the dog can be cultivated, and the affection he shows to his master, render that animal a universal favorite, and make him the chosen companion of man.

The illustration on the next page, shows the resu-



UPPER SIDE OF THE NATURAL BRIDGE OVER CAYOTE CREEK, CALAVERAS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

down into something like order, a little play was given to more generous feelings. I was invited into a good seat, and offered cakes and mint pies. The place was intensely hot, but in spite of many discomforts, the gallery folks contrived to get more enjoyment for their sixpences than most of the box visitors did for their half-crowns. The appearance of this motley crew is well depicted in the illustration, and with slight variations, similar scenes are constantly presented in American places of amusement."

of careful training, and how the sagacity of the brute was put to practical uses.

The dog was trained by his master to execute various commissions. When he wanted him to go to market, he made certain signs which the dog understood, and immediately set off to bring home whatever was put into the basket intended for his master.

He went on in this manner without accident, when, one evening, as he was returning with some hot pies, two dogs, attracted by the smell of the pastry, attacked the faithful messenger. The dog instantly dropped the basket, and placing himself before it, flew with determined courage at the first that advanced; but, while thus engaged, the other dog ran to the basket, and began to devour the pies. After a moment's hesitation, seeing that it was impossible to preserve the pies for his master, he determined, at least, to have them for himself, and accordingly darted upon them and dispatched all that remained.

A RUSSIAN CAKE-SELLER.

WITH a slight variation of costume, New York could afford almost the exact counterpart of the Russian cake-seller. At the corners of our streets, vendors of small wares, and especially of such things as the children like, station themselves to supply the wants and receive the pennies of the passing crowd. And so, the world over, the hope of gain will induce men to follow any calling that promises compensation. Though engaged in an humble pursuit, many of these cake-sellers manage to make a very comfortable livelihood.

The one shown in our picture seems to be a good-natured fellow, just such an one as would please the little folks and dispose of his stock rapidly. Contented with his lot, he wishes his patrons to be satisfied with their purchases, and when one cake is sold, he is ready to offer another to the next comer.

MODERN ROYAL AUTHORS.—At the present moment, authorship seems to be the fashionable pastime of the Courts of Europe. The Crown Prince of Prussia is engaged upon a history of the Electoral Prince of Brandenburg. The ex-King of Greece (Otho of Bavaria) is translating the "Iliad" of Homer; and his father, Louis, ex-King of Bavaria, is at Nice, giving the last touches to a new volume of poems. King John of Saxony has just issued the third and last volume of Dante's "Divine Comedy," translated by himself into German. The literary labors of the Emperor and Empress of the French have been subjects for conversation and criticism for a long time; while it is said that Omar Pasha is busy writing a "Life of Alexander the Great."



THE SALEROOM OF MESSRS. BLUNT & NICHOLS, THE WELL-KNOWN NAUTICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS, 179 WATER STREET, NEW YORK.

ADVENTURE OF LEWIS WETZEL.

AMONGST the heroes of American border warfare, Lewis Wetzel held no inferior station. Inured to hardships while yet in boyhood, and familiar with all the varieties of forest adventure, from that of hunting the beaver and the bear to that of the wily Indian, he became one of the most celebrated marksmen of the day. From constant exercise, he could, without fatigue, bear prolonged and violent exertion, especially that of running and walking; and he had, by practice, acquired the art of loading his rifle when running at full speed through the forest; and, wheeling on the instant, he could discharge it, with unerring aim, at the distance of eighty or one hundred yards, into a mark not larger than a shilling.

Wetzel's fame had spread far and wide as the most expert and unerring shot of the day. It chanced that a young man, a few years younger than Wetzel, who lived on Dunkard's Creek, a tributary of the Monongahela River, heard of his fame; and as he also was an expert woodsman, and a first-rate shot—the best in his settlement—he became very desirous of an opportunity for a trial of skill. So great was his desire, that he one day shouldered his rifle, and whistling his faithful dog to his side, started for the neighborhood of Wetzel, who, at that time, lived on Wheeling Creek, distant about twenty miles from the settlement on Dunkard's Creek. When about half-way on his journey, a fine buck sprang up just before him. He leveled his gun with his usual precision, but the deer, though badly wounded, did not fall dead in his tracks. His faithful dog soon seized him and brought him to the ground; but while in the act of doing this, another dog sprang from the forest upon the same deer, and his master, making his appearance at the same time from behind a tree, with a loud voice claimed the buck as his property, because he had been wounded by his shot and seized by his dog. It so happened that they had both fired at once at this deer, a fact which may very well happen where two active men are hunting on the same ground, although one may fire at the distance of fifty yards, and the other at one hundred. The dogs felt the same spirit of rivalry with their masters, and quitting the deer, which was already dead, fell to worrying and tearing each other. In separating the dogs, the stranger hunter happened to strike that of the young man. The old adage, "strike my dog, strike myself," arose in full force, and without further ceremony, except a few angry words, he fell upon the hunter and hurled him to the ground. This was no sooner done than he found himself turned, and under his stronger and more powerful antagonist. Discovering that he was no match at this play, the young man appealed to the trial by rifles, saying it was too much like dogs for men and hunters to fight in this



THE GALLERY OF A LONDON THEATRE.

perhaps, before he could cross the Ohio River, to which the Indians always retreated after a successful incursion, considering them safe in a manner safe when they had crossed to its right bank, at that time occupied wholly by the Indian tribes.

Ardent and unwearied was the pursuit by the youthful hunters; one, excited to recover his lost mistress; the other, to assist his new friend and to take revenge for the slaughter of his countrymen—slavery and revenge being the daily business of the borderers at this period. Wetzel followed the trail with the unerring sagacity of a bloodhound, and just at dusk traced the fugitives to a noted war-path, nearly opposite to the mouth of Captina Creek, emptying into the Ohio, which, much to their disappointment, they found the Indians had crossed, by forming a raft of logs and brush, their usual manner when at a distance from their villages. By examining carefully the appearances on the opposite shore, they soon discovered the fire of the Indian camp in a hollow way, a few rods from the river. Lest the noise of constructing a raft should alarm the Indians and give notice of the pursuit, the two hardy adventurers determined to swim the stream a few rods below. This they easily accomplished, being both of them excellent swimmers. Fastening their clothes and ammunition in a bundle on the top of their heads, with their rifles resting on the left hip, they reached the opposite shore in safety. After carefully examining their arms, and putting every article of attack or defense in its proper place, they crawled very cautiously to a position which gave them a fair view of their enemies, who, thinking themselves safe from pursuit, were carelessly reposing around their fire, thoughtless of the fate that awaited them. They instantly discovered the young woman, apparently unhurt, but making much moaning and lamentation, while the white man was trying to pacify and console her with the promise of kind usage and an adoption into the tribe. The young man, hardly able to restrain his rage, was for firing and rushing instantly upon them. Wetzel, more cautious, told him to wait until daylight appeared, when they could make the attack with a better chance of success, and of also killing the whole party; but if they attacked in the dark, a part of them would certainly escape.

As soon as daylight dawned, the Indians arose and prepared to depart. The young man selecting the white renegade and Wetzel an Indian, they both fired at the same time, each killing his man. The young man rushed forward, knife in hand, to relieve the young woman, while Wetzel loaded his gun and pushed in pursuit of the two surviving Indians, who had taken to the woods until they could ascertain the number of their enemies. Wetzel, as soon as he saw that he was discovered, discharged his rifle at random, in order to draw them from their covert. Hearing the report and finding themselves unharmed, the Indians rushed upon him before he could again reload. This was as he wished. Taking to his heels, Wetzel loaded as he ran, and, suddenly wheeling about, discharged his rifle through the body of his nearest, but unsuspecting enemy. The remaining Indian, seeing the fate of his companion and that his enemy's rifle was unloaded, rushed forward with all energy, the prospect of prompt revenge being fairly before him. Wetzel led him on, dodging from tree to tree, until his rifle was again ready, when, suddenly turning, he shot his remaining enemy, who fell dead at his feet. After taking their scalps, Wetzel and his friend, with their rescued captive, returned in safety to the settlement.

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

AMONG the many cases of mistaken identity known in the records of the law, few are more curious than the following:

Several years ago, Inspector Leonard, then a Captain of Police, received a telegraphic dispatch from the police authorities at Providence, R. I., requesting him to arrest John M. Cookson, master of a small coasting schooner plying between Providence and Norfolk, Va. The accused was charged with having murdered his wife at the little town of Seacook, near Providence. Capt. Leonard at once set about the task required of him, and in a very short time ascertained that Capt. Cookson's schooner was then lying in the harbor of New York. He at once boarded the vessel, and, on inquiring for the master, Capt. Cookson appeared in person. The officer notified him of the charge against him and of his purpose to arrest him. Cookson turned pale, stammered, was confused, and, in fact, showed all those signs of embarrassment which are generally interpreted as evidences of guilt, but may also be the effect of surprise and virtuous indignation. He, however, submitted quietly to the arrest, protesting, in the most solemn manner, his innocence, and declaring that he knew nothing of the whereabouts of his wife, if she were not at home. The officer

conveyed the prisoner at once to Seacook, and there learned the facts which had led to the arrest.

It appeared that Cookson lived in the outskirts of the village with his wife, with whom he was not on the best of terms. Quarrels frequently arose between them, but no violence on his part had ever been observed. On a certain morning, Cookson and his wife were overheard by the neighbors quarreling violently. Shortly afterward Cookson started for Providence, and immediately set out for Norfolk with his schooner. His wife was not seen during that day nor the one following, but no attention had been paid to that fact. On the third day, some children who were picking blackberries near the village were attracted by the unusual movements of a dog which accompanied them to a spot where he was pawing up the earth in a frantic manner and barking violently. On reaching the spot, the children were horror-stricken on beholding the feet of a dead person exposed to view where the dog was scratching. The citizens having been notified of the fact, hastened to the scene, and in a short time had uncovered the body of a woman, over whose remains an inch or two of dirt had been scattered. It was found that the body was frightfully mutilated, and had been sprinkled with quick-lime to aid in its decomposition previous to being covered with earth. The body was conveyed to the village, and there identified as the remains of Mrs. Cookson. The mother and sister of that lady positively identified the body, not only by its general appearance, but by certain marks. Mrs. Cookson's hair was somewhat singular in its color, and her manner of wearing it was peculiar. She had lost one of her front teeth and another had been filled with composition. These marks all appeared on the body of the dead person, and the mother and sister were not only positive on these points, but also identified the clothing with which the corpse was covered. The fact of the quarrel between Cookson and his wife became known, and the dead body of the woman found in the woods being recognized as that of Mrs. Cookson, led to the belief that that lady had fallen a victim to her husband's violence. The dispatch to Capt. Leonard and the arrest of Cookson followed.

When the prisoner arrived at Seacook the indignation of the citizens against him was most intense, and for a short time it was feared that lynch law would be called into requisition. Good sense, however, guided the citizens, and the prisoner was confined in jail to await the action of the Grand Jury. This body soon met, and with little delay found an indictment against John M. Cookson for the murder of his wife. Additional evidence of a circumstantial nature was adduced calculated to remove all shadow of doubt as to the guilt of the accused. It was shown that after the quarrel with his wife, the accused had come down to Providence and there purchased a barrel of lime, which had been sent on board his schooner. From this time he was lost sight of for several hours, and the next that was known he had boarded his schooner at an unreasonable hour and suddenly put to sea. The prisoner explained that he certainly did quarrel with his wife, and, leaving her in anger, had determined to start upon his voyage as



AN ORISSA BRAHMIN.

way. The stranger assented to the trial, but told his antagonist that before he put it fairly to the test, he had better witness what he was able to do with the rifle, saying that he was as much superior, he thought, with that weapon as he was in bodily strength. He bade him place a mark, the size of a shilling, on the side of a huge poplar that stood beside them, from which he would start with his rifle unloaded, and running one hundred yards at full speed, he would load it as he ran, and wheeling, would discharge it instantly to the centre of a mark.

The test was no sooner proposed than performed; the ball entered the centre of the diminutive target. Astonished at his activity and skill, his antagonist instantly inquired his name. "Lewis Wetzel, at your service," answered the stranger. The young hunter seized him by the hand with all the ardor of youthful admiration, and at once acknowledged his own inferiority. So charmed was he with Wetzel's frankness, skill and fine personal appearance, that he insisted upon his returning with him to the settlement on Dunkard's Creek, that he might exhibit his talents to his own family, and to the hardy backwoodsmen, his neighbors. Noting loath to such an exhibition, and pleased with the energy of his new acquaintance, Wetzel consented to accompany him, shortening the way with their mutual tales of hunting excursions and hazardous contests with the common enemies of the country. Amongst other things, Wetzel stated his manner of distinguishing the footstep of a white man from those of an Indian, although covered with moccasins and intermixed with the tracks of savages. He had acquired this tact from closely examining the manner of placing the feet; the Indian stepping with his feet in parallel lines, and first bringing the toe to the ground; while the white man almost invariably places his feet at an angle with the line of march. An opportunity they little expected soon gave room to put his skill to the trial. On reaching the young man's home, which they did that day, they found the dwelling a smoking ruin, and all the family lying murdered and scalped, except a young woman who had been brought up in the family, and to whom the young man was ardently attached. She had been taken away alive, as was ascertained by examining the trail of the savages. Wetzel soon discovered that the party consisted of three Indians and a renegade white man—a fact not uncommon in those early days, when, for crime, or the love of revenge, the white outlaw fled to the savages, and was adopted on trial into their tribe.

As it was past the middle of the day, and the nearest assistance still at some considerable distance, and there were only four to contend with, they decided on instant pursuit. As the deer had very recently been done, they hoped to overtake them in their camp that night, and,



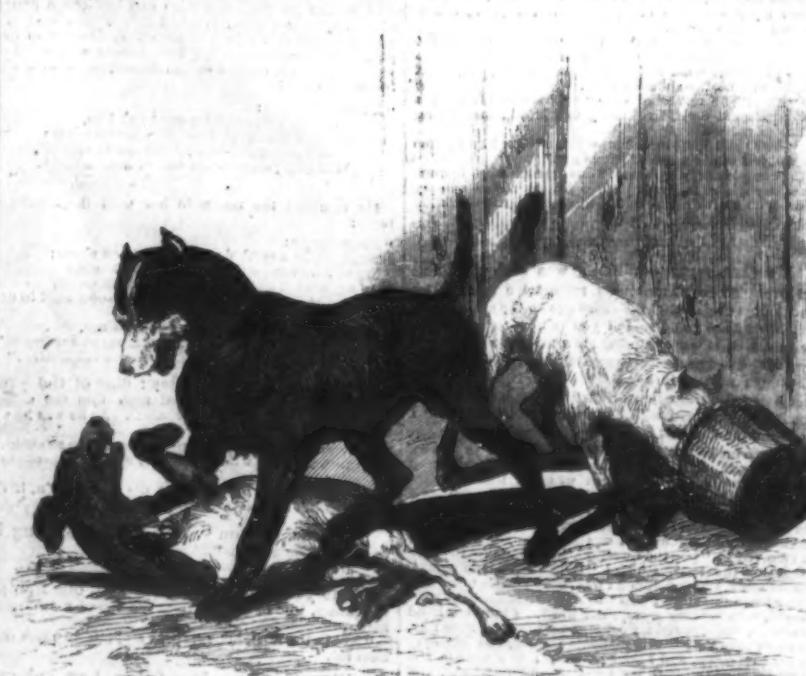
A RUSSIAN CAKE SELLER.

speedily as possible. As he was going to a southern climate, in hot weather, he had purchased the lime to be used as a disinfectant on board his schooner. He could suggest no possible place where his wife could have concealed herself, and, indeed, had no doubt but that the body found was her remains. His explanations, of course, were disbelieved, and his fate was considered settled. The prisoner himself thought that there was no possible way to establish his innocence; the evidence against him appeared conclusive, and the only opposition to it he could interpose was his unsupported statement. He abandoned himself to despair, and as the day for his trial approached, all hope had fled from his bosom. Arrangements for his trial were completed, the day was fixed, counsel had volunteered to defend to the extent of their ability the seemingly doomed man, when, the day before the trial was to commence, Mrs. Cookson, alive and well, appeared upon the scene and claimed her husband! Of course the prison-doors were opened; and he who had so long stood beneath the shadow of the gallows was restored to society with an unstained reputation.

Mrs. Cookson accounted for her absence by stating that, after the quarrel with her husband and his departure for Norfolk, she had departed quite as hastily for New Hampshire, where she had been visiting some friends. Being an uneducated woman, she had held no communication with her relatives, and they had been in utter ignorance of her whereabouts. She returned at the critical time she did, supposing her husband would have completed his voyage, but not knowing that he was imprisoned on charge of having murdered her.

The question then arose, "Who was the woman who had been thus murdered?" but no satisfactory answer could be given; and, although the police long devoted their energies to unravelling the mystery, no solution to it could be obtained, and the affair was forgotten. The unfortunate woman slept in the graveyard at Seacook—no friend visited her grave, and no one could tell her story. Her sad tale, with her remarkable resemblance to another, had secured for her Christian burial, and that was all that was known of her.

A short time since Inspector Leonard had in custody a noted burglar, who had long been known to the authorities as being one of the most skillful of his class. This man gave to the Inspector a solution of the Seacook mystery, which has never been printed. He said the murdered woman was the wife of an expert English



THE DOG AND THE PIE.

burglar named Collins, who is now dead. Collins had long followed his nefarious profession, from the pursuit of which his wife had endeavored to wean him. She was aware of many of the secrets of the gang to which Collins belonged, and particularly of all the facts connected with a burglary perpetrated at Providence shortly previous to her death. The gang had become suspicious of her, and fearing that she might expose them, had resolved upon her death. She was accordingly most brutally murdered by her husband and his associates, and her body disposed of in the manner described. Collins immediately left the scene and shortly afterward died in prison. The burglar who related these facts knew nothing regarding the history of the unfortunate woman, save that she was born in England, and was Collins's wife. The old adage that "Murder will out" seldom fails, although the development may sometimes be delayed until the perpetrator has answered the charge before a Court from which there is no appeal.

WANTED—A MINISTER.

We have been without a pastor
Some eighteen months or more,
And though candidates are plenty—
We've had at least a score,
All of them "tip-top" preachers—
Or so their letters ran—
We're just as far as ever
From settling on the man.

The first who came among us
By no means was the worst,
But then we didn't think of him;
Because he was the first;
It being quite the custom
To sacrifice a few
Before the church in earnest
Determines what to do.

There was a smart young fellow,
With serious, earnest way,
Who, but for one serious blunder
Had surely won the day,
Who left so good impression,
On Monday one or two
Went round among the people
To see if he would do.

The pious, godly portion
Had not a fault to find;
His clear and searching preaching
They thought the very kind;
And all went smooth and pleasant
Until they heard the views
Of some influential sinners
Who rent the highest paws.

On these his pungent dealing
Made but a sorry hit;
The coat of Gospel teaching
Was quite too tight a fit.
Of course his fate was settled;
Attend, ye parsons all!
And preach to please the sinners
If you would get a call.

Next came a spruce young dandy;
He wore his hair too long;
Another's coat was shabby,
And his voice not over strong;
And one New Haven student.
Was worse than all of those—
We couldn't hear the sermon
For thinking of his nose.

Then, wearying of candidates,
We looked the country through,
Mid doctors and professors,
To find one that would do;
And after much discussion
On who should bear the ark,
With tolerable agreement
We fixed on Dr. Parke.

Here, then, we thought it settled,
But were amazed to find
Our flattering invitation
Respectfully declined.
We turned to Dr. Hopkins
To help us in the lurch,
Who strangely thought that college
Had claims above our church.

Next we dispatched committees
By twos and threes, to urge
The labors for a Sabbath,
Of the Rev. Shallow Splurge.
He came: a marked sensation—
So wonderful his style—
Followed the breaking of his boots
As he passed up the aisle.

His tones were so affecting,
His gestures so divine,
A lady fainted in the hymn
Before the second line;
And on that day he gave us,
In accents clear and loud,
The greatest prayer ever addressed
To an enlightening crowd!

He preached a double sermon,
And gave us angel's food
On such a lovely topic—
"The joys of solitude,"
All full of sweet descriptions—
Of flowers and peary streams,
Of warbling birds, and moonlit groves,
And golden sunset beams.

Of faith and true repentance
He had not a word to say;
He rounded all the corners,
And smoothed the rugged way;
Managed with great adroitness
To enter in and please,
And leave the sinner's conscience
Completely at its ease.

Six hundred is the salary
We gave in former days;
We thought it very liberal,
And found it hard to raise;
But when we took the paper
We had no need to urge
To raise a cool two thousand
For the Rev. Shallow Splurge.

In vain were all the efforts—
We had no chance at all—
We found ten city churches
Had given him a call;
And he, in prayerful waiting,
Was keeping all in tow;
But where they paid the highest
It was whispered he would go.

And now, good Christian brothers,
We ask your earnest prayers
That God would send a shepherd
To guide our church affairs,
With this clear understanding—
A man, to meet our views,
Must preach to please the sinners,
And fill the vacant pews.

BENHASSAN.

A word spoken at random has often proved of more utility than the best concerted plans; hence it happens that fools often prosper when men of talent fail. Here is an illustration:

A poor, simple peasant, of the name of Benhassan, being heartily tired of his daily fare of brown bread and water, resolved, whatever might be the consequence, to procure to himself, by hook or by crook, even at the expense of a broken head, three sumptuous meals. Having taken this courageous and noble resolution, the next thing was to devise a plan to put it into execution; and here his good fortune befriended him. The wife of a rich ivory merchant in the neighborhood of his cottage had, during the absence of her husband, lost a valuable diamond ring; she offered great rewards to any person who could recover it, or give any tidings of the jewel. But no one was likely to do either; for three eunuchs, of whose fidelity she had not the smallest doubt, had stolen it. The loss soon reached our glutton's ears.

"I'll go," cried he; "I'll say I am a conjuror, and that I will discover where the gem is hidden, on condition of first receiving three splendid meals. I shall, fall, 'tis true. What then? I shall be treated as an impostor; my back and sides may say 'How d'ye do?' to the bastinado, but my hungry stomach will be filled!"

To concoct his scheme and put it in practice was but the work of mom-mits. The merchant still was absent. The lady, anxious for the recovery of her ring, accepted the offered terms. A sumptuous dinner was prepared; the table was covered with rich viands; expensive plates of every sort were placed upon the side-board. Allah! how ate! An attentive footman, one of the secret thieves, filled him sherbet; our conjuror, gorged, exclaimed:

"Tis well! I have the first!"

The servant trembled at the ambiguous words, and ran to his companion.

"He has found us out, dear friends," he cried. "He is a cunning man. He said he had the first. What could he mean but me?"

"It looks a little like it," replied the second thief.

"I'll wait on him to-night; as yet you may have mistaken his meaning. Should he speak in the same strain, we must decamp."

At night a supper fit for the caliph was set before the greedy Benhassan, who filled until he could eat no more. The second footman watched him all the while. When satisfied, he rose, exclaiming:

"The second's in my sack, and cannot escape me."

"Away flew the affrighted robber.

"We are lost!" he cried. "Our heels alone can save us!"

"Not so," answered the third. "If we fly and are caught, we lose our heads. I'll tend him at to-morrow's meal; and should he then speak as before, I'll own the theft to him, and offer some great reward to screen us from punishment, and that he may deliver the jewel to the lady without betraying us."

They all agreed. On the morrow Benhassan's appetite was still the same. At last, quite full, he exclaimed:

"My task is done; the third, thank Allah, is here!"

"Oh," said the trembling culprit, "behold the ring; hide our shame, and you shall never want good fare again."

"Be silent!" exclaimed the astonished Benhassan, who little thought that what he had spoken of his meal could have made the plunderers betray themselves.

"Be silent! I have it."

Some geese were feeding before the windows; he went out, and having seized the largest, forced the ring down its gullet, then declared that the large goose had swallowed the jewel. The goose was killed, the diamond found. In the meantime, the ivory merchant returned, and was incredulous.

"Some crafty knave, O wife," said he; "either the thief himself, or his abettor, has, with a well-concerted scheme, wrought on your easy faith. But I'll soon try his powers of divination. I'll provide him with a meal likewise."

No sooner said than done; between two dishes the mysterious fare was hidden. The false conjuror was told to decide what was the concealed cheer, or art of being well beaten should he fall.

"Alas!" he muttered out, "Benhassan, thou art a pig; thou art dead," referring to himself, and calling himself names.

"He's right," the merchant cried. "Give him a purse of gold: I honor talents such as his."

It was pork in the dish. Thus our glutton, by four random speeches, gained three hearty meals, a heavy purse, comfort for life, and a most brilliant reputation as a cunning man.

MY COURSHIP.—When I was sixteen, I fell in love. There was nothing remarkable in that, for most all young men of the above age do the same thing. But what I am going to tell you is how my courtship terminated. It was at a party I saw Miss Brown, who was one of the sweetest girls in all Ticktown; and, I tell you, she looked sweet in her white muslin ball-dress, with her hair flowing loosely over her shoulders. I got an introduction; danced with her once, twice, thrice, and I was just the happiest man in all Ticktown. Well, at last the party broke up; but I had an invitation to call on Miss Brown. That was all I wanted, and I didn't sleep much before Sunday—for that was the time I'd promised to call. I called; saw Miss Ella to church; saw her home; and, when I left, I had a pressing invitation to call again—and I did not forget it, I can assure you. At the end of the month, I was completely gone. At last I resolved to "pop the question" and fixed on my next visit for the time, studied "Courtship Made Easy" thoroughly, and concluded I was ready for the task. The time arrived. Here I was sitting by the side of my beloved, with my arm around her waist. I took her hand in mine, and screwed my courage up to say: "Dear Ella, do you love me?" She made no answer, but her eyes were cast down, and I hoped. Yes, I was certain she loved me. I put both my arms around her neck, and pressed one, two, three kisses on her rosy lips. She did not resist, but raised her head and said: "You're as bad as Sam Simmons!" I took my hat—haven't been back since.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A FACETIOUS individual wishes to know if a bee-line "must necessarily have a wax end."

WHEN is a wave like an army doctor? When it is a surgeon.

"NEVER was ruined but twice," said a wit; "once when I lost my law-suit, and once when I gained one."

The following list of refreshments includes many individual drinks not found on the wine lists of the popular hotels:

For Bankers—Current Wine.
For Stockbrokers—Share-y Wine.
For Shipmasters—The Old Port.
For Mining Operators—Mineral Water.
For Octogenarians—Elder Wine.
For Seamstresses—So-da Water.

"VEGETABLE pills!" exclaimed an old lady. "Don't talk to me of such stuff. The best vegetable pill ever made is an apple dumpling; for destroying a gnawing in the stomach there is nothing like it; it can always be relied on."

The old gentleman who undertook to take the twist out of the Maestrom, has gone out West to whitewash the Rocky Mountains. He goes in for large jobs.

A RECENT criminal trial at New Orleans had an unexpected catastrophe; the prisoner was acquitted, and his counsel and the counsel for the prosecution were committed to jail for contempt of court.

YOURS is a very hard case, as the monkey said to the oyster.

INDULGE in humor just as much as you please, so it isn't ill-humor.

THE only blusterer from whom a brave man will take a blow is the wind.

FEW of our ladies have traveled much, yet all of them have taken tos in chins.

THE captain of a vessel is not governed by his mate, but a married landsman generally is.

IT is always excusable to "put the cart before the horse," if your horse travels backward.

PRESENT your wife with everything she wants, and perhaps she will be quiet for the present.

WHAT is that which every man can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided? Water.

"My son, you must start up from this lethargy."

"Would you have me an upstart, dear father?"

INFANTS are sometimes tongue-tied; what a pity that a large proportion of our adults are not so likewise.

IF a ship is of the feminine gender, why are not fighting vessels called women-of-war, instead of man-of-war?

AN absent man lately put his dog to bed and kicked himself down stairs. He did not discover his mistake until the next morning.

OLD BOGE was a miserly old fellow, who had accumulated great wealth by life-long penuriousness. But even misers have to die some time, and Old Boge was at length called on to pay that debt which all must pay, and which is paid as easily by the man who hasn't a cent as by the possessor of millions.

Old Boge was sick unto death, finding a partial recompense in his sufferings from the reflection that, as he could not eat anything, something was being saved.

A physician told him that his end was near, and as he felt within himself that he was rapidly approaching his end, it was evident to Old Boge that he must meet his fate very soon.

"How long have I to live?" asked Old Boge, in a faint voice.

"Only half an hour," said the physician, taking out his watch in a business manner, and added, "is there any one you would like to send for—a clergyman, for instance?"

Old Boge mused in a lethargic way for a moment, then started up as with a sudden thought, raised his feeble hand and felt of his emaciated chin, upon which two week's growth of gray and stubbed beard had grown, and then whispered, hurriedly:

"Quick—bring me—barber."

The barber came with his kit, and Old Boge said, in a voice that was rapidly growing weaker:

"You—charge—ten cents—to shave—live men?"

"Yes, that is our price," replied the barber.

"What—you charge—to shave—dead men?"

"One dollar," said the barber, wondering what he meant.

"Then—shave me—quick," said Old Boge, nervously eying the watch which the doctor held in his hand. He was too weak to speak further, but the doctor interpreted aright the question that was in his eyes.

"Fifteen minutes," replied the doctor.

Old Boge made a feeble motion as with a lather-brush, and the barber was at his work in a jiffy. He performed his task with dispatch, and although the sick man had several sinking spells of an alarming nature, yet he bore up to the end. When the last stroke of the razor was given, Old Boge whispered, in tones of satisfaction:

"That'll do—ninety—cents—saved!" and immediately expired.

A WITTY young lady who has broken a score of hearts in her time, married lately. She sent to a young gentleman, who had been very devoted to her (and who, she had terribly jilted) along with a bit of wedding cake, a noosed string, accompanied with the following verse:

DEAR STREPHON:

In Chloe lost, consider what you lose,
And for the bridal knot, accept this noose;

This healing slip-knot, dexterously applied,

Will help you bear the loss of such a bride.

CHLOE.

He returned the noose to her with the following reply:

DEAR CHLOE:

Your gift as a symbol with candor you chose;

My narrow escape almost every one knows;

As a gift from a lady, I could not refuse it,

But your husband, you know, may soon want to use it.

And so, by the bearer, your gift I restore,

For your bridegroom will want it ere the honeymoon's o'er.

STREPHON.

A PROVOST marshal writes: One of the provost guard brought a colored man into the office, charged with stealing water-melons. As he was being led away, I said to him:

"I hope, Tom, that I may never see you here again."

He turned to me with a peculiar, shrewd expression, and said:

"You wouldn't ha' seen me dis time, cag'n, if de negro hadn't a foolish me."

DOCTOR, do you think that tight-lacing is bad for the consumption?"

"Not at all—it is what it lives on."

"Did your fall hurt you?" said one Fenian

to another, who had fallen from the top of a two-story house.

"Not in the least, honest; 'twas stoppin' so quick that hurt me."

"Why, Tom, my dear fellow, how old you look."

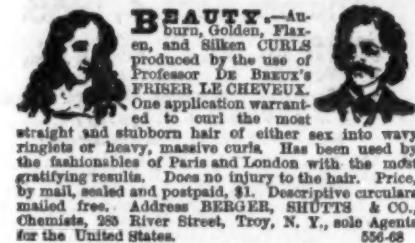
"Dare say, Bob, for the fact is, I never was so old before in my life."

INFLUENCE OF LIGHT ON PLANTS.

The Academy of Sciences has received from M. Ducharte a highly interesting communication on certain well-known plants called creepers, because their stalks, too weak to support themselves, tend to twine round the nearest objects. They generally do this from left to right—that is, inversely to the

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Fig. D

Fig. E

Fig. F

Fig. G

Fig. H

Fig. I

Fig. J

Fig. K

Fig. L

Fig. M

Fig. N

Fig. O

Fig. P

Fig. Q

Fig. R

Fig. S

Fig. T

Fig. U

Fig. V

Fig. W

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Fig. Y

Fig. Z

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Fig. II